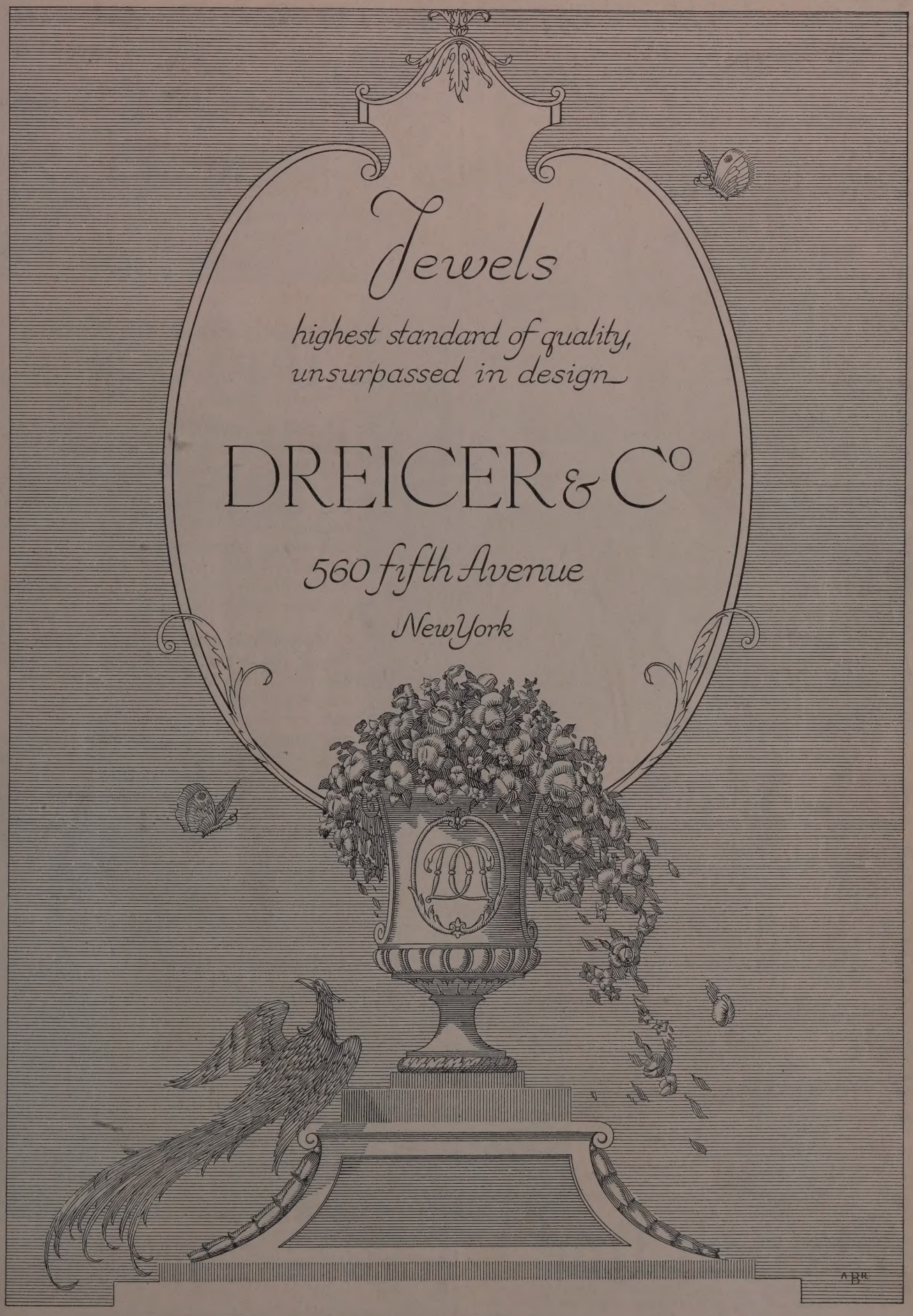

Jewels
highest standard of quality,
unsurpassed in design
DREICER & Co
560 fifth Avenue
New York

Balcony of the main dining salon.

Chef of the "France"

The "FRANCE" Returns

FOUR funnels—red with black tops. Nose in a wave off Sandy Hook, racing to pier fifty-seven. Decks gay and the tri-color flying. If the Statue of Liberty were an emotional person, she'd dip her torch . . . the "France" is coming back!

She's been away for the winter. Getting new oil-burning engines to add to her speed. Getting a few clothes, like any other visitor to Paris. But she's kept her type, like the chic Parisienne she is.

She isn't just a boat. Any more than Newport is just a town, or the Knickerbocker Club is a hotel. She has somehow evolved a soul—a personality that attracts just those people with whom one wants to pass six days at sea. People who judge a boat by her gold leaf don't like her—which, of course, is part of her charm.

As for cuisine—and the chef who "creates" when he cooks—and the garçons whose smiles belong to their faces—and the cabins where one really rests—and the orchestra—and the Louis XIV mood of the whole boat—they can't change.

Whether you plan a quick trip on an express liner or a leisurely crossing, the French Line service provides the route idéale. It is the line of the experienced travellers.

THESE SERVICES:

New York
Plymouth Havre
Express de Luxe Liners
PARIS FRANCE
LAFAYETTE

New York Havre Paris
One-Cabin Steamers
DE GRASSE LA SAVOIE
CHICAGO SUFFREN
ROCHAMBEAU

New York Vigo Bordeaux
LA BOURDONNAIS
ROUSSILLON

New Orleans Havre Paris
DE LA SALLE NIAGARA

North African Motor Tours

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 19 State Street, New York
Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities of Europe and the United States

Make your Bookings Now to EUROPE

IF you are planning a trip abroad this Spring or Summer, investigate first your own U. S. Government steamers sailing under the American Flag. Investigate now and make your bookings early—the coming season will see an unprecedented wave of travel. If you make your bookings now, you may have your choice of the best accommodations at a moderate cost.

Most people have an exaggerated idea of the cost of a European trip. On the U.S. Government steamers of the United States Lines there is a passage for every purse, from $130, on the "America,"—to the suites-de-luxe on the great "Leviathan."

Learn today at what a moderate cost you can fulfill your dreams of seeing Europe. Get the facts about the popular ships of the United States Lines. They offer the maximum of luxury, speed, safety and economy. Investigate now without obligation.

UNITED STATES LINES

45 Broadway New York City

Managing Operators for

UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

Free Literature

Your Government has prepared handsomely illustrated travel booklets on the pleasures and sights of Europe. Full information on the low rates, tours, costs and ship accommodations. Send for it today,—now. Mail the coupon to Washington before you forget.

INFORMATION BLANK
To U. S. Shipping Board
Infor. Section 1085 Washington, D.C.

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government literature giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to Europe ☐, to the Orient from Seattle ☐, to the Orient from San Francisco ☐, to South America ☐.

Name _____

Address _____

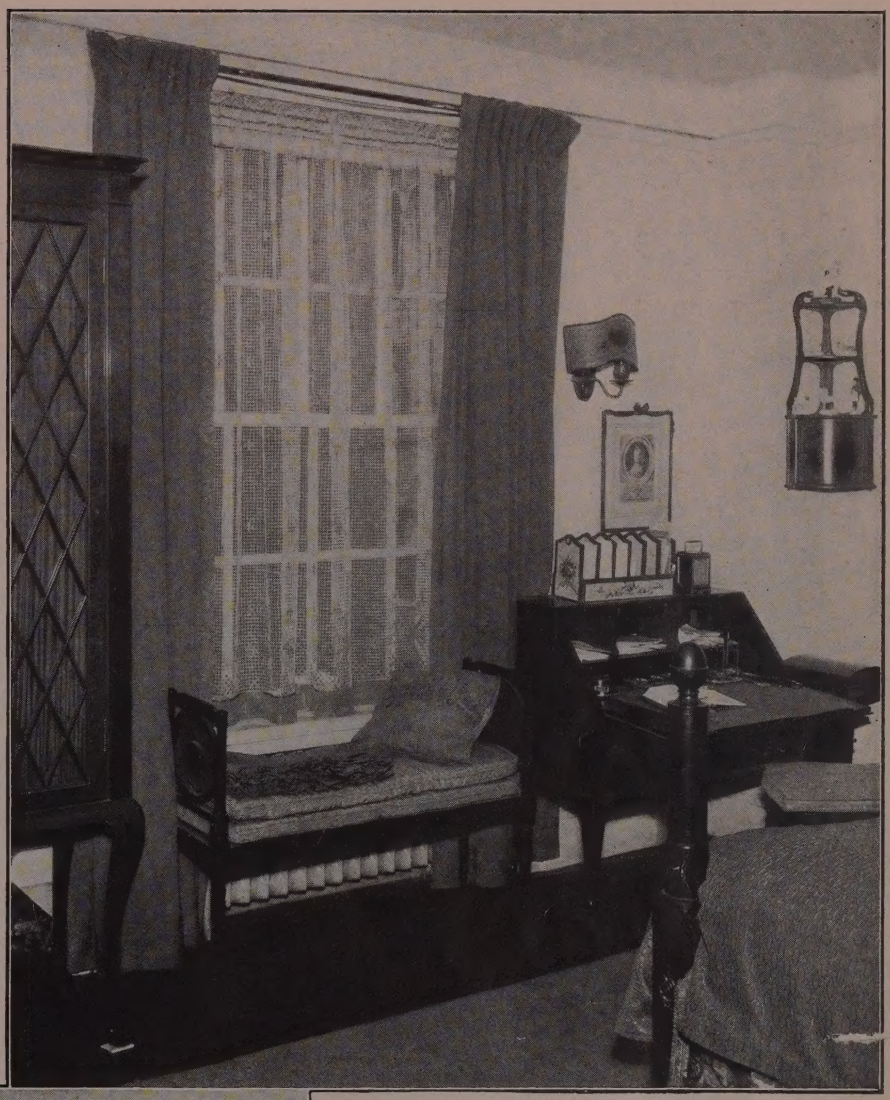
Town _____ *State* _____

THEATRE MAGAZINE is published on the fifteenth of each month by Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. SUBSCRIPTIONS $4.00 a year in advance. Yearly indexes 25c. Entered as second-class matter, August 3, 1917, at the Post Office, N. Y.; additional entry at the Post Office, Jamaica, N. Y., January 3, 1924; under the act of March 8, 1879.

WHEN Mrs. Richard T. Wilson selected Quaker Oxford Cross Net for her living room, boudoir and dining room, she chose a curtain which did more than merely harmonize with the decorative scheme.

By diffusing the sunlight evenly throughout these rooms the Oxford Cross Net makes them actually seem lighter than if no glass curtains were used.

In the boudoir, where the writing desk demands a good reading light, this open-mesh net is especially desirable.

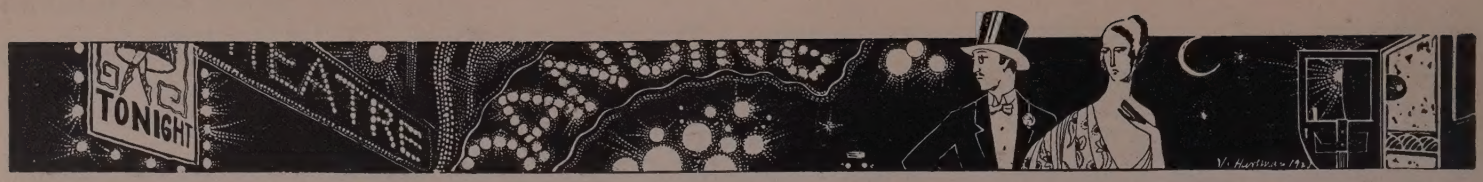


An excellent example of harmonious curtaining in adjoining rooms is furnished by Mrs. R. T. Wilson's living and dining rooms. Both are curtained with Quaker Oxford Cross Net.

QUAKER LACE COMPANY

Lace Works and Accounting Rooms:
4th STREET & LEHIGH AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA

Wholesale Salesrooms:
BROADWAY, COR. 19th STREET
NEW YORK



El Patio

The Most Fascinating
Dancing Place
in New York

FAIRLY breathes the true, enticing atmosphere of Old Spain. The unique appointments of El Patio have transformed it into the rendezvous de luxe of all smart, fashionable New Yorkers.

ARTISTES
SENORITA MARIA MONTERO
SENORITA LINDA FLORES
EL PATIO *Argentine* ORCHESTRA

Delightful Supper
10.30 P. M. to Closing

Saturday Afternoon
Tea Dances
starting at 4 o'clock

Broadway at 34th Street
Hotel McAlpin
ARTHUR L. LEE, Managing Director

CAPITOL BROADWAY at 51st Street
World's Largest and Foremost Motion Picture Theatre
EDWARD BOWES, Managing Director
DELUXE MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT
CAPITOL BALLET CORPS
Mlle. Gambarelli, Ballerina
CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA
Presentations by ROTHAFEL

NATIONAL Thea., 41st St., W. of B'way Evs. 8, Mats. Thur. & Sat. at 2
WALTER HAMPDEN
in CYRANO de BERGERAC
MAIL ORDERS 4 WEEKS AHEAD

THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign-posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

NEW YORK is to be congratulated on having adopted so generously for its new dining places the continental method of seats running round the wall. Hardly a restaurant opened during the past few years but now has this method of arrangement, and ere that restaurants of the type could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

We do not think anyone questions the fact that a restaurant-room built for mural seating is the ideal one. It creates a *rapport* not only with one's escort, but also with one's neighbors, a kind of atmospheric joining of hands. We know a charming actress who receives many, many invitations from various admirers to lunch and dine. Invariably she insists that wherever she is taken she must be guaranteed a seat with its back against the wall. There is but one objection to the round-the-wall seating. Practically everyone wants to sit there. And, yet, the center tables gain from having this human background lining the room. The ease and gaiety engendered by it cast their radiation even to them, and there is besides a focusing of attention for a woman who has a pretty frock to show off, or a new jewel, or maybe a new conquest.

THE NEWEST IN RESTAURANTS

THE Piping Rock Restaurant off Fifth Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street is New York's latest acquisition for lunching and dining. It accommodates its guests in two rooms separated by a space between, in which stand service tables of sweets and "goodies" after the French fashion, an arrangement in proportions which creates a friendly, *intime* atmosphere. The decoration and lighting are very softening to the feminine appearance. Seats, *of course,* run round the walls. And the food is quite wonderful, and moreover extremely reasonable if you care to exercise a certain selection. We don't know when we have tasted more delicious coffee, nor found such touches of gustatory finesse as in the accompanying bread sticks and toast. Pretty women were to be seen there, especially at lunch time, wearing their smart new Spring frocks and bonnets. In short, you may gather that we think well of the place.

Another place which features wall tables—and wall tables only—is The Russian Eagle on Fifty-seventh Street. One goes upstairs for dinner and for after-the-theatre, and downstairs for lunch, which is reserved entirely for that purpose unless there is an overflow. A delicious menu is served, in which figure special Russian dishes. Again one finds delicious coffee, and is amused to eat black bread, not poor peasant fashion, but *de luxe,* with fresh sweet butter. Russian decor and pretty waitresses in costume, dim lights and the afore-emphasized seats around the wall make this an ideal place to take a special someone . . . you know what we mean . . . for a tête-à-tête. All for an uninhibited hour, and New York outside, if not the world, well lost!

LUNCH HOURS OF NEW YORK

WE appear to have got up full steam concerning the lunch hour and since that is our story let us stick to it.

All New York, transient and permanent wishes, naturally, to eat between the hours of twelve and two, more particularly between twelve-thirty and one-thirty, and during that time it seems as if the supply of eating places could not meet the demand. If a place is popular at all it is madly popular during that mystic hour, and there are people crowding the door to get a mere chance to sit down. This condition is at least a guarantee that the food is very, very good, and reasonable, and that persons of a certain quality go there. If you do not insist on the privacy of a table all to yourself, and in fact find a crowd rather thrilling than otherwise, you may join the throng. You will find it, for instance, at Alice Foote Macdougall's Coffee Court on Forty-third Street opposite Stern's. Barely a year ago this was one not so large room. It offered a charming interior for lunch, tea, and very early dinner, where delicious and individual dishes were served on attractive Italian pottery by smiling and quick serving colored maids. The coffee and tea were a specialty and you could stop

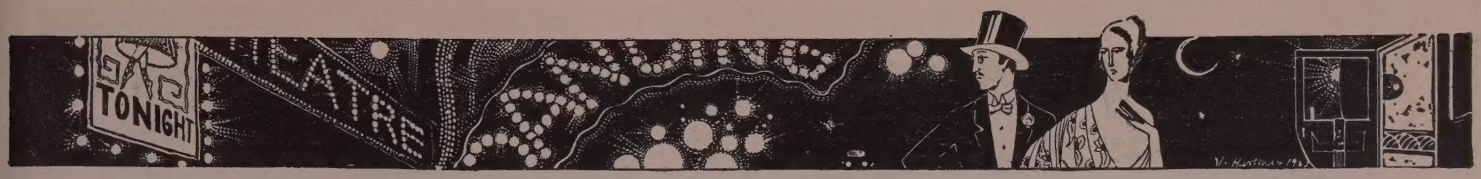
NEW YORK'S NEWEST DINING DELIGHT—
The Medieval Grille
of the
Alamac
71st STREET AND BROADWAY
The Romance of Knighthood Days embodied in masterful decorations by Winold Reiss.
Perfect Food and Service
Most enchanting music in the Universe by Paul Specht and his Alamac Orchestra; Daily Dinner Dances and Matinee Dansants each Friday and Saturday.
Nightly from Ten—The CONGO ROOM atop the Alamac. *"Most Unique!"*

F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest Present
WORLD'S BIGGEST PRODUCTION
THE MIRACLE
Staged by MAX REINHARDT Co. of 700
WILL NOT BE PRESENTED IN ANY OTHER CITY IN AMERICA.
CENTURY 62d & Cent. P. W. Eves. 8. Pop. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2

PLYMOUTH 45th St. W. of B'way. Ev's 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
"THE BEST AMERICAN COMEDY OF THE SEASON."—*Heywood Broun, World*
THE POTTERS
ALL ABOUT THE FOLKS NEXT DOOR

FRAZEE Theatre W. 42nd St. Eves. 8.30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30
HELL-BENT FER HEAVEN
With Augustin Duncan, Glenn Anders, George Abbott
"SMASHING GOOD, RED-BLOODED COMEDY"

THE OUTSTANDING SUCCESS OF A DECADE
"The SWAN"
with EVA LE GALLIENNE
CORT THEATRE—New York



Sam H. Harris Attractions
SAM H. HARRIS Theatre W. 42nd St.
Evgs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:15.
LEWIS & GORDON
(In association with SAM H. HARRIS)
Present THE
NERVOUS WRECK
By OWEN DAVIS
With OTTO KRUGER & JUNE WALKER

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S, 39th St., East of Broadway
Evenings 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30.
SAM H. HARRIS Presents
JEANNE EAGELS
in "RAIN"
Staged by John D. Williams

MUSIC BOX THEA., W. 45th St.
Evenings 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:25
SAM H. HARRIS Presents
IRVING BERLIN'S 3rd ANNUAL
MUSIC BOX REVUE
Staged by Hassard Short

Paramount Pictures
The RIVOLI Broadway at 49th St.
Rivoli Concert Orchestra
The RIALTO Broadway at 42nd St.
Famous Rialto Orchestra
The Best in Photoplays
And the Best in Music
HUGO RIESENFELD, Managing Director

In the Center of Everything!
SYLVANIA
Philadelphia's Newest Hotel

Newest
Luncheon and Dinner
Rendezvous
PIPING ROCK
RESTAURANT
18 East 55th Street
Management of Peter, formerly Knickerbocker and Crillon, and C. Pani, formerly Colony Restaurant
Phone
Plaza 3551

up to the counter on your way out and take home a pound or so, if you cared to. You could also buy pieces or sets of the Italian pottery, or other Italian merchandise, which displayed in cabinets or on shelves gave added decorative effect to the room. In less than six months in order to accommodate the crowd which came there, this one room had been made longer, and in another three months it had been made wider. There for the moment it rests . .

Further down the block is the Bohemian Coffee Shoppe. This offers the same individual and delicious food, the same excellent coffee and tea, the same smiling and quick-serving colored maids. Instead of the Italian pottery you will find that of the Czechs, in the happy and brilliant colors native to the country, enchanting tea sets, plaques, vases, candlesticks, besides stunning lamps and lampshades. We haven't stopped to analyze in exactly what consists this appeal of sublimated shop and tea-room combined, but that it exists the attendance in these two and similar eating spots bears witness. They are both places for the out-of-towner to visit, whether in their more or their less crowded hours.

AND STILL THEY COME

FOR the person arriving at The Grand Central, who wants quick action in the way of food, we suggest the new Café Savarin, which has been opened in the Pershing Square Building opposite the station. The downtown Café Savarin has been an institution for years with New York business men, and its fame and prestige having gradually spread uptown, a demand was made for another restaurant of its kind in an uptown district. *Voilà* The Pershing Square Savarin!

The new restaurant has as one specialty a modern lunch counter service, a method of eating which is becoming increasingly popular for both men and women in the rush of New York life, but very far removed from its original lunch counter parent. There is an "oyster bar," a most alluring fountain café, and table service is, of course, provided, all of which coming under the heading of "Savarin" means distinction and efficiency.

VIE DE BOHEME

LET us mention, as we close, a unique nook opposite The Provincetown Playhouse that it may interest you to know about and to visit when you are prowling around the Village. It is called "Vagabondia," a small room down several steps from the street, which possesses our old friends the seats around the wall, with easily pushed-about tables in front of them, and an open fire on the hearth in winter. "Vagabondia" opens after four in the afternoon and stays open till one o'clock, so that people from The Playhouse across the way may have a bite of something after the show. The menu is exceedingly simple, consisting for the most part of coffee and chocolate and lemonade, with sandwiches. Hospitality and friendliness are the features of the place, a hospitality that does not fuss over you, but merely offers a cosy place in which to drop down and smoke a cigarette and have a quiet chat. If you do not feel disposed to order anything it is not insisted upon.

The atmosphere is that of the club, except that there are no fixed rules nor restrictions. Anyone is welcome who comes down the steps. If you are a stranger and it is your first visit you will probably sit back and smoke and watch the scene which offers variety. In one corner may be three doughboys with a ukulele, in another a bridge game of four women will be going on. Opposite you a pretty bob-haired flapper discusses stormily with her boy friend Eugene O'Neill's forthcoming play. If you come back often enough and become *persona grata* you may be asked to join one of the many bridge games that go on, or be permitted to add your fury to a discussion. At any rate beg of Miss Julie Brown, one of "Vagabondia's" hostesses and proprietors, to show you her silhouette book. These silhouettes, which have a fascinating individuality and life of their own differentiating them from the average, are in great demand, and in this book Miss Brown has collected a few of the celebrities that she has done. We were much interested to learn from her that a spot like this has payed well, so much so in fact that it, along with its kitchen facilities, is being enlarged.

ANNE ARCHBALD

ARE YOU COMING TO NEW YORK?
If you contemplate a trip to the Metropolis, write for a copy of THE PLAY GUIDE, so you may plan your theatregoing before you reach New York. Send four cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.
THE PLAY GUIDE, THEATRE MAGAZINE
2 West 45th Street, New York

Tables of Stars
Stars look forward to a Boston run. They know the excellent comforts in store for them at these hotels, located just a step from the stage-doors.
L. C. Prior
President and Managing Director
Hotels Lenox and Brunswick
On Either Side of Copley Square
BOSTON

"Around the Corner From Everything"
New York's Newest and Finest
HOTEL TIMES SQUARE
255 WEST 43rd STREET
Just West of Broadway
New York City
1000 Attractive Outside Rooms
$2.00-$3.00 Per Day—No Higher Rates
Special Weekly Rates

THE
CARL FENTON
ORCHESTRA
whose Brunswick Records are vogue in dance music, will accept a limited number of exclusive engagements.
The
CARL FENTON ORCHESTRA
16 West 36th St. New York
FITZ ROY 1190

MEN'S SUITS

pre-eminent in quality, style and craftsmanship

The suit illustrated consists of coat, waistcoat and long trousers, as well as knickerbockers; expertly tailored from all-wool fabrics. It is adaptable to business or sports wear.

Price: $55.00

B. ALTMAN & CO.

MADISON AVENUE
FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET
THIRTY-FIFTH STREET

THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX. No. 278 MAY, 1924

M. DE FERAUDY IN *L'AVARE*

The latest among the famous world artists who this season have displayed their virtuosity in New York, the eminent comedian of the Théâtre Français is seen here as the querulous old miser in Molière's immortal classic

FAY BAINTER

A New and Unusual Portrait by Rabinovitch

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

The Managers and the "Closed Shop"

As we go to press the difficulties between the producing managers and the Actors' Equity Association, which threatened to result in an actors' strike and the closing of the New York theatres by June 1, are still unsettled, but the dispute appears to be in the way of being amicably adjusted. The theatregoing public takes no part in the controversy. Their only interest is the purely academic one of trying to determine which has right on his side. We invited the Producing Managers' Association and Mr. Frank Gillmore, executive secretary of the Actors' Equity Association, to make statements of their respective positions through this magazine. Their replies are herewith set forth.—EDITOR.

By FRANK GILLMORE

Executive Secretary Actors' Equity Association

THE Producers raise a smoke screen by stating that it is the Closed Shop which they can never consent to see instituted in their theatres. But, in my opinion, it is nothing of the sort. It is a determination on their part to try and disrupt Actors' Equity Association altogether, to reduce it to a state of innocuous desuetude such as prevailed in the old Actors' Society, and other theatrical organizations before the coming of Equity. If Equity could be put out of existence, there would be no one left to check up the Producers, and, sooner or later, not necessarily for the first year or so, there would be a gradual return to the abominable conditions, or even worse, which existed in the theatre before the actors got together into a powerful organization.

One point I should like to make particularly clear. It is one which, I fear, is often lost sight of by the public. This is that the theatrical situation is not bounded by Forty-second and Sixtieth Streets in New York City. The theatre exists in every part of the country, and we have to legislate for all and not for one group. Three years ago the average number of stranded companies, some left in this plight as far West as San Francisco, was one a week. Now, probably ten a year would cover that class.

Equity Shop has also practically banished the contract-jumping actor, the actor who would take his trunk out at any of the performances, leaving his manager and his comrades to go through the performance as best they could without him. The Equity Shop has worked untold good wherever it has been tried. It has increased the responsibility of actors as well as of managers. While it has practically obliterated the vicious custom of contract jumping, it has also decreased to a gratifying extent the bogus managers who take their companies to remote regions and abandon them without money or transportation.

We are not worrying about the managers closing the theatres. Nor need the public worry on this account for fear it will be deprived of entertainment. The Actors' Equity Association plans to keep as many theatres open as possible. We have not only the brilliant actors, but we have also many brilliant directors in our organization, and they will all be set to work when the right time comes.

We have been informed by individual, but representative, members of the Producing Managers' Association, that they would give us everything we asked if we would but resign from the American Federation of Labor. No doubt they spoke sincerely, but to resign our alliance would be to invite ultimate destruction.

In order to understand the issue, it must be remembered that Equity Shop is not Closed Shop. It is an entirely different basis of organization, and has been endorsed as neither illegal, nor against sound public policy, by Federal Judge Julian W. Mack, by Professor of Economics Taussig, and by many other noted economic and legal authorities.

The Closed Shop policy forces all workers in an industry to join the union, and it usually limits the number of apprentices, fixes wages, and controls the quantity of production. Equity Shop does none of these things. Our members refuse to work in companies with non-members, simply because they think it unfair that these non-members, who pay no dues, should profit by the protection which Equity's representatives give any company in which members are employed. Managers may cast companies entirely of non-members; or they may ask their non-members to join Equity, as they see fit, but no one is forced either to come into our organization or to leave the stage. Those who do not join are simply deprived of an opportunity to profit by the work of an organization which they will not support. Moreover, Equity does not limit the numbers of apprentices. Any person who is offered a part by a manager becomes automatically eligible, and must, under our laws, be elected. Neither do we concern ourselves with wages; the manager may pay whatever the individual actor will take—except in the case of the chorus people where, in all humanity, we were forced to establish a minimum wage of thirty-five dollars a week. Equity has not the slightest interest in the selection of plays, in the casting, in production problems, or in the amount of salary paid the actors, and is willing to put up a large cash bond not to interfere in these provinces.

What, then, is the work of this Association? We are a business organization, formed to compel irresponsible managers to live up to their written legal contracts, and to standardize working conditions. This seems rather superfluous and unnecessary to outsiders accustomed to business organizations where legal contracts are binding, and where no employer would think of working his people seven days a week. But the theatrical business is very different. Before Equity came into being, as any candid author, actor, or manager will tell you, contracts were not worth the paper they were written on. A poor actor had neither the money nor the courage to fight a rich, powerful manager in the courts.

We have a regulation contract with the salary left blank, but with certain standard provisos as to the number of performances per week, the number of free rehearsals to be given by the actor, and so forth, which must be the same in every instance. If that contract is broken, we take up the actor's case in the courts, sue the manager, and, if he has stranded the actor without funds in some distant place, bring the latter home pending the trial. We press in the legislative centers for laws favorable to the theatre. We urge

(*Continued on page* 64)

MAYTIME

Edwin Bower Hesser Visualizes the Approach of Spring

Why My Plays Succeed

Broadway's Favorite Song-and-Dance Man Reveals His Secret Formula for Box-Office Hits

By GEORGE M. COHAN

ALONG Broadway a playwright or producer is rubber-stamped, trademarked, catalogued and indexed. A "Belasco play," an "Al Woods production," an "Avery Hopwood farce," a "Winchell Smith creation," glibly comment those who think they have the low-down on everything. They index a man according to the first one or two plays he writes or produces. After that, it is hard for him to branch off into anything else. That's quite satisfactory to those most intimately concerned in this indexing process. Specialization is not to be underestimated. But, for the man who aspires to variety, this is sometimes a serious handicap.

If my productions are classified as the "George M. Cohan brand," it is not because of their sameness. Certainly I can never justly be accused of cutting my plays over one pattern. I have taken a smash at everything: comedy, high comedy, satire, musical comedy, melodrama, comedy drama, travesty, musical melodrama, mystery. *The Miracle Man, Three Faces East, House of Glass, Little Johnnie Jones, The Tavern, Forty-five Minutes from Broadway* are testimonials to the kaleidescopic change of dramatic fare which I have offered the public. As for origination, I claim, though in all modesty, that I was the first one to pull musical melodrama. I tried it out in *Little Johnnie Jones. The Tavern* was pure travesty. *Three Faces East,* a mystery play.

It is true that I am more closely tied up to musical shows than any other. But even these have their full quota of variety and change—music, dancing, straight acting, comedy. Why do I write more of this type of play than any other? Because I like it best. It is my forte. I like the opportunity it affords for mixed ingredients. And right now I am going to give a blanket answer to a certain question I have had shot at me hundreds of times. The question is: "What, in your opinion, constitutes the most successful ingredients of a musical play?" And my answer is: SPEED and Variety.

A PLAY, after all, isn't so different from a magazine. A standard magazine runs serious stories, love stories, humorous yarns and articles. That is aiming at a dozen birds with one shot. If you don't pull a reader with a story of tender romance, you are sure to get him with a humorous narrative or a yarn in which the mystery element predominates. And so it is with a play of varied nature. If you cannot tickle the risibilities of a certain portion of your audience, you can charm them with graceful dancing, or delight their ears with snappy music, or intrigue their eyes with girlish beauty. It is like a well-balanced meal: meat, vegetables, salad and dessert. Leave the dessert, if you don't like it. You've had the solid steak and potatoes.

As for speed; again I must compare a show with a magazine story. If a reader peruses a paragraph or two, and finds them uninteresting to him, he is liable to flip the pages and turn to another yarn or even the advertisements. So it is with a show—particularly a musical show. A dull two minutes can absolutely kill an otherwise corking production. It can go to pot during a few seconds of dullness.

I make a point of swift action, consistently swift action. Everything must go over with a bang. Right from the start. I don't attempt to "work up" to anything. I keep the eyes of the audience busy. And their ears. I rush characters on and off. I never permit any one actor or group of actors to remain on the stage longer than a few seconds at a time. Song must follow dance, with speed, speed, all the time speed! And no encores. No gaps. No waits. No dragging moments. No let-downs. No dull moments. The essential thing is not to give anyone a chance to get bored.

THE funny angle of it all is this: While my plays are said to be speedy, easy-running vehicles, they are not created speedily or easily. I mean that they are born more or less in a laborious fashion, involving much time, effort and thought. First of all, I must confess to being a temperamental writer. Some people are inclined to think that when a writer waits on a mood he is up-stage, a poseur. This is not true. You cannot set about writing as you can chopping wood. One is a physical effort, the other mental. And you've got to pet and pamper the literary Muse.

I start out to write a play. The setting is my hotel suite. I decide the place is too noisy, pack up and dash off to Washington. Something goes wrong there. The atmosphere of the Capital is not conducive to play-writing I tell myself, and hurry off to Atlantic City. And so it goes. After I have visited half a dozen or more cities I come back to the place from which I started and begin to write. Coddling, of course. But it's got to be done. Humor yourself when it comes to this business of writing. Then, even after I am actually there, with "pen in hand," I am liable to get sidetracked. I start off with some comedy lines and it doesn't go smoothly. The lines are mirthless, stilted, mechanical. So I shoot the comedy away for a while. Sleep on it. And start writing another section of the play.

When I finally get to the theatre for the first rehearsal, or for assembling the cast, I haven't a manuscript with me, likely as not. I come to the theatre with an idea, one scene photographed on my mind, and, perhaps, an opening chorus whipped into shape. After that, the play more or less writes itself. I begin to build, add, tear-away, reconstruct. The actors help me. In fact, that's why they're picked in the beginning. Because they are intelligent. While they are too tactful to tread on the author's toes too heavily, they know how to offer suggestions diplomatically and helpfully. I welcome this kind of assistance. An actor may say to me: "Mr. Cohan, I don't believe a fellow like Johnnie Jones would say so and so," or: "I don't believe that type of girl would act in this fashion," or: "I really think this scene should follow this one, instead of the other way about." Frequently, because of the capabilities of a certain actor originally scheduled for a small part, capabilities demonstrated during this building-up process, I go home and pad his rôle. Make it meatier, weightier, of more consequence.

Actors' mannerisms, gestures, poses, voices—their personalities—frequently give me a new slant on various rôles or situations or lines. If they can "put over" something of their own origination cleverly and effectively, it is then written into the play for them. I have a reputation for skillful casting, and the actors whom I gather about me help me earn this reputation.

The girls: I select them for the same qualification required of the men. Intelligence. I want to be able to discuss the characters with them, and they must be clever enough to understand character analysis. I don't want frivolous girls. They mustn't gad about and forget their jobs. They must give their rôles some thought outside the theatre as well as inside of it.

The germ idea for a play I am working on may embrace only three characters in the beginning. Perhaps I have assembled seven or eight actors when I am ready to cast my play. But when the play is finished there may be eleven, twelve or fifteen characters in all.

AS for plot, the masses don't want it. At least, that's my dope on the matter. It's like coating bitter medicine with sugar—this business of feeding plot to an audience. And it must be given in capsule form. It must slide down without too much irritation. I try to unweave my plot without letting the audience know they're getting plot. It's sort of slipped in, unknown to them. Hand plot to an audience in a brazen fashion, and it rankles. I merely suggest, and let the audience write out the story to suit themselves.

Today theatregoers are sophisticated. They have "Theatre Minds." They have gone a long, long way in this direction in the past few years. They no longer stand for Hokum. They want the genuine fourteen-carat article now. They are discriminating. And they want reality, even if they shed tears over it. Take *The Song-*

(*Continued on page* 58)

Bunk and Hokum on the Stage

Hokum is Honorable, Bunk is a Nuisance—They Identify Two Theatres, Miles Apart

By GILBERT SELDES

AL. JOLSON once told an interviewer that he himself was the greatest master of hokum in the American theatre. He described a scene in which he played a gondolier and chatted with his opponent about the sights of Italy. "Have you seen the ruins of Florence?" asked the other. "Seen 'em," replied Jolson, "I ruined 'em." "And if they didn't laugh," he added, "I dropped the oar on his head and *made* 'em laugh. That's hokum."

It is only a fairly good example; but to me the interesting thing is Mr. Jolson's pride in his mastery of the art of hokum. Immediately you can see the difference between hokum and bunk, for it is hard to imagine Mr. John Barrymore saying, "I am the greatest master of bunk in America." It would hardly be true, of course; but neither actors nor producers in the legitimate theatre will admit the existence of one of the fundamental elements of their success. They use it; some of them use nothing else. And shocking as it is, the employment of bunk is as certain a way to identify the serious theatre as the use of hokum is for the light one, for vaudeville, musical comedy, and revue. To my mind hokum is honorable and interesting; bunk is a nuisance. And the greatest element in the bunk is the refusal to admit its importance.

THE FAMOUS SCENE IN CHILDS'

IN Jolson's example hokum consisted in getting effects by means not entirely legitimate. Contrary to polite opinion there is nothing inherently wrong with the application of physical force to the sensitive portions of the human anatomy as a means of provoking laughter—for clowns, let us say. In a Wilde comedy the same thing would be out of place. The illegitimacy in Jolson's case consists in this, that he ought to have got his laugh through the dialogue and the way he spoke it. Failing this, he fell back on methods outside of the medium he was working in. In order to get his laugh he used a disproportionate and inappropriate amount of force, but—and this is essential—there was no particular reason why he should not have done so. Whereas in the case of Mr. Belasco's famous scene in Childs', the whole setting was bunk, because it also used disproportionate and inappropriate means—for an entirely different object. The accuracy of the old Belasco productions—in the days of his "wizardry" as it was jocularly called—was intended to persuade the audience of the credibility of the emotions projected on the stage. You said, unconsciously, "this is real," when you saw the set; and Mr. Belasco induced the will to believe, so that you said feelingly, "that is real," no matter what happened on the stage. The object attained by Jolson was trivial; the object attained by Belasco was intensely important; the falsity of the means in the second case was therefore a high crime and misdemeanor, to say the least.

FLORENCE MOORE AND JANE COWL

BUNK is the illegitimate creation of emotion. I use the word as we use it in the phrase, "an emotional actress," with a protest, however, against this restriction. Fanny Brice is just as emotional in her *Florodora Baby* song as in *Mon Homme*—more even, because she produces in us a mixture of gaiety and sadness; the hilarity of Florence Moore is so intense as to rank it with the throbbing melancholy of Jane Cowl. But it is a sad world and we seem to believe that emotion means sadness and sympathy cannot be as well extended to joy as to misery. In any case it is true that the nobler emotions are not to be lightly invoked, and every time they are called forth by fraud, by trickery, or for a trivial purpose, their nobility is diminished. And it is the essence of bunk to aim at the most profound of our emotions and to use them up, by means unworthy of them, and for dubious ends.

This sounds a great deal more serious than it really is. There are people who love funerals, and there are those who do not care how and why they are harried to excitement and tears. For those who prefer to be let alone until something of actual grandeur and profundity comes our way, the light theatre is a salvation and the serious theatre a bore. Take the hideous example of Maeterlinck's *Pelléas and Mélisande*. In essence it is a common story; Maeterlinck's treatment accomplishes the impossible and makes it a vulgar one. And around this story of a suspected adultery is thrown such an aura of the mysterious searching for the hidden meaning of life that quite sensitive people do not discover the underlying meanness of the theme, the shallowness of the intellect behind it, the prying ugly face behind the beard of the King, who is irreverently (and with a vulgarity far more refreshing than the high-toned vulgarity of Maeterlinck) called Goulash. Goulash is a hokum joke, like the names of small towns in Wisconsin; it is not terribly funny; but Goraud and the whole Pelléas affair are bunk.

Hokum can be exceedingly attractive and even endearing. In the case of George M. Cohan's flag-waving it is childish, and even tiresome; even there it is considerably less tiresome than the pretentious artistic dancing and the preposterous playlets of passion which invade the clean sanctuary of vaudeville, for the latter are importing to the lighter arts precisely the bunk which ought to be allowed to remain the exclusive property of the solemn ones. The true line of development has been followed by Cohan, who has virtually forsaken hokum in *The Song and Dance Man,* yet has not yielded to bunk. Here is a play which is at moments cheap, melodramatic, and sentimental, yet is never offensive, because it is produced without the slightest pretense at being anything more lofty than it is. And, by way of contrast, *The Miracle* is a superb production of high-class trash (I allude to the scenario and the music, not to the Sister Beatrice legend) which is almost all bunk. Do I mean that the glorious creation of Geddes and the miraculous direction of Reinhardt are spurious? I do not. I do mean that applied to *The Miracle* they are so inappropriate, so disproportionate to the spiritual content of the spectacle itself, that they become bunk. I am trying to isolate an element in the theatre, not to justify my judgments on individual plays, so I trust this semi-heretical view will be allowed to me. Nothing between the end of the first scene in *The Miracle* and the beginning of the last had anything to say to me; the expenditure of energy upon it seemed therefore wasteful, and the effort to make the middle scenes appear profoundly significant of human destiny seemed meretricious. I can fancy the same thing being said, by those who did not feel the spell, about Robert Edmond Jones' *Hamlet* or *Macbeth.*

THE SCHOOL OF RESTRAINT

I RETURN to Cohan, because in addition to being our finest native actor he is a flail against another irritating school of bunk-artists, the teachers and pupils in the school of restraint. Because never in his acting does Cohan employ a fraction of power more than the situation demands; his delicacy is marvelous, yet his energy is always apparent; life, you can be sure, is coursing through his veins. And the school of restraint worships the half-dead. Nothing loud or broad, nothing exaggerated or pointed, is permitted; universes tumble, hearts are broken, fortunes are lost, the great disasters of birth, love, and death, occur in their plays and all are met with a soft voice, or a little crooked smile, or a languid wave of the hand. This is called "economy of means," and in such an actress as Eva Le Gallienne, let us say, it becomes a sort of acting under protest. "Do as little as you can as long as the audience will stand it" seems to be the motto. I am reminded of Mr. Roland Young's objection to Jolson; "I understand that he knocks you on the head to make you laugh," said Mr. Young, an excellent actor who has himself never made the mistake of thinking lifelessness a form of art. But after he had seen him Mr. Young made the *amende honorable:* "He knocks you on the head all right," he said, "but, by Heaven, he *does* make you

(*Continued on page* 68)

OUR BROADWAY PRODUCERS. NO. 3: MR. MORRIS GEST

Whose Passion for Art Has Glutted Ellis Island. Next: Who Discovered the U. S A.?

What's Wrong With The Theatre?

One of Our Foremost Actors Makes Illuminating Revelations of the Inside

By RICHARD BENNETT

MOST people who start out with the intention of showing "what's wrong with something-or-other" make the mistake of not first proving that the something-or-other in question actually has something wrong with it.

Let us not make that mistake. The theatre is a complicated institution, with an organization that is intricate to the utmost degree, so it might be a temptation to leap to the conclusion that its very unadaptability to being summed up in a single phrase, or being expressed by a single gesture is, in itself, a proof of imperfection. We are prone to suspect anything that cannot be instantly card-indexed and catalogued, so let us not start by ascribing evil to what may be merely too involved for our imperfect human brains.

Having started to write an article bearing the title that this bears, I am tacitly committed to the declaration that what is wrong about the theatre is something very real and very vivid, and as a first step, I wish to present the evidence that I believe bears out my case.

Now, the theatre is not a subject that can be criticized as simply as can most objects. We might say of a painting that the artist has used too much purple, and thus make an accusation that is understandable by all, connoisseur and layman alike, or we might say of a surgeon that he has an unfortunate habit of leaving his operating instruments sewn up in the person of his patients, which is again a clear and simple summing up; or, again, we might advise our friends not to patronize a certain iceman because he gives short weight, and, besides, makes his rounds so late every day that by the time he arrives the food in the ice-box is spoiled. All these statements can be expressed in surprisingly few words because they deal with surprisingly simple professions, that is to say, professions whose purpose is simple. Thus, a painter is supposed to make pictures, a physician is supposed to cure, and an iceman is supposed to help us keep the food fresh. The moment anything occurs that interferes with the accomplishment of these several ends, we can make a definite accusation as to what is wrong with the painter, the physician or the iceman.

HAS IT A PURPOSE?

UNFORTUNATELY, or fortunately, the theatre is not anything whose purpose can be expressed in a phrase, and whose subsequent turnings from that purpose can therefore be distinctly determined. There is no concurrence of opinion among theatre-lovers and theatre-haters as to what the theatre's purpose may be, or for that matter, whether it has a purpose at all, or, on the other hand (assuming three hands), whether it once had a purpose which has, somehow, been lost; nay—the theme is so intricate that we must consider the case by means of four hands, and ask ourselves whether the theatre has never had a purpose up to now, but is about to acquire one, and if so, which one?

Therefore, I find it necessary to evade a single direct accusation against the institution as a whole, and make individual attacks upon the various branches, departments, and individuals which form the mass of this complicated whole, but which are severally more or less simple and definable. These more important subdivisions—or rather persons, for the theatre is a human institution, and its parts human beings — are the following: Managers, authors, actors, directors, scenic artists, critics, and the public. Let us consider the case of each of these separately, and decide whether, in view of the conditions under which they function, there is not something radically wrong.

THE HARASSED PRODUCER

FIRST—the managers. Have you ever tried to interview a manager?—to talk seriously and earnestly on a subject that requires time and thought?—such as planning the presentation to the public of a play? Try to do it, if you never have. You will find yourself confronted—if you have convinced the average intelligence of the army of office-boys and attendants that your business is deserving of the attention of the unusual intelligence which the manager is supposed to possess—by a harassed, worried, nervous man, who smokes cigars to quiet his upset system, whose attempts to heed you are frustated by the intermittent ringing of the telephone at his elbow; who realizes, vaguely, perhaps, that you deserve several hours of his time to do the matter justice, but who can give you only a few minutes, and who finally bows you out, after entrusting you and your affairs to the hands of his assistants and to luck.

Second: the authors. It is the author who conceives the idea for the play, who is, so to speak, the first to be inspired, and if all went as it should in the process of a production, he should shout jubilantly, after the opening night's performance, that the audience had been presented with the same idea that had first dawned on him, that they had received it in the same garb, the same atmosphere, the same peculiar coloring of mood that had made him think it worthy of presentation and that had goaded him into working on it through all the heart-breaking difficulties of giving it form, action and dialogue. But how often does the author make this triumphant shout? Is it not the usual procedure rather, a procedure so usual that the theatrical profession has made it one of their standard jokes, for the author to proclaim to the world that his play has been ruined? —ruined by being re-written, cut, miscast, misplayed, mismanaged, mispress-agented, misunderstood, mis-everythinged? A play, as the very word suggests, should be a thing of joy to all concerned, but a joyful playwright, except for the brief interval immediately following the signing of the contract and preceding the casting, is the rarest bird that ever tried to use Pegasus' wings.

Third: the actors. The majority of every cast is dissatisfied and unhappy before rehearsals ever begin because they consider that they have not been allotted the quality of rôle that their talents warrant. Some minor players have failed to drive as good a bargain in the matter of salary as they had hoped to do, and are now just a bit peevish, and propose to act no better than the money involved urges them to act. There are few who do not grumble when their parts are cut. Nearly all want to inject into the play some lines or bits of business that enabled them to make a personal hit in some other play; they would like to make the same personal hit again, disregarding its inapplicability to the present case, and if the out-of-town opening or beginning of the metropolitan run does not instantly strike public approval, the manager and director sometimes are weak enough to allow the actors to have their own way in this respect. The personal hit is all-important in a deplorably large number of cases, though not in all, thank the god of drama! Then there are actors, too, who debate the question of make-up. Should they let the audience recognize their priceless visages, or should they adopt a make-up, which, though appropriate to the play, is a complete disguise? There are tricks, too, which experienced actors play upon newcomers in the profession, tricks which enable the old hand to "steal the scene." The few, or if you will, many, sincere artists are hopelessly handicapped by the lack of co-operation, and are confronted by the choice of a mediocre performance, or a constant fight that uses up the energy which ought to be devoted to art.

FEW GOOD DIRECTORS

FOUR: the directors. There is more obvious wrong here than in most of the subdivisions of the art. A director who has a strong personality, and knows what he is about, has been known time and again to shape order and beauty out of chaotic ugliness. Occasionally, there is more than one director to a play, and if they disagree then lunacy results. The unfortunate author going mad first, and the actors, stage manager and electrician following in quick succession. But if the director is calm, experienced, capable, and not some disappointed playwright—ever desirous of re-writing other plays—little fault may be found with him. There aren't five directors in America who ac-

(*Continued on page* 48)

Maurice Goldberg

GRETHE RUZT-NISSEN

A Norwegian Dancer Whose Seductive Beauty Glorifies the Pantomime in "Beggar on Horseback"

(*Left to right*) Lionel Atwill, Pat Somerset, Katharine Cornell. Ragatzy (*Mr. Atwill*) promises Lalange (*Miss Cornell*) a cure if she puts herself in his hands

(*Left to right*) Lester Lonergan, Miss Cornell,, Mr. Somerset, Kenneth Hunter, Mr. Atwill, Whitford Kane, John Blair. Dr. Sturdee (*Mr. Lonergan*) warns his daughter to have nothing to do with "the outsider," and orders Ragatzy out of his house

For a whole year Lalange has lain on her back on Ragatzy's wonderful rack, and "the outsider" has fallen desperately in love with his patient

(*Left to right*) John Blair, Mr. Somerset, T. Wigney Percyval, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Atwill, Miss Cornell, Feranda Eliscu, Mr. Kane. Ragatzy has summoned the doctors to witness the success of his experiment. But when the test comes Lalange totters and falls. It is only later, when he is about to leave her forever, that she runs to detain him and he discovers her love and his triumph

THE NEW PLAY

"The Outsider," the Love-Drama of an Unlicensed Medical Practitioner

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

The Outsider

Play in three acts by Dorothy Brandon. Produced by William Harris, Jr., at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre on March 3, with the following cast:

Mr. Frederick Ladd, Whitford Kane; Sir Montagu Tollemache, T. Wigney Percyval; Mr. Vincent Helmore, Kenneth Hunter; Sir Nathan Israel, John Blair; Mr. Jasper Sturdee, Lester Lonergan; Lalange Sturdee, Katharine Cornell; Madame Klost, Fernanda Eliscu; Anton Ragatzy, Lionel Atwill; Pritchard, Florence Edney; Basil Owen, Pat Somerset.

THIS piece comes at a particularly timely moment when, both here and in England, the medical profession is waging merciless warfare on bone-setters, faith healers and other quacks who pretend to cure all sorts of ills. The dramatist takes no side in the controversy except to present the familiar arguments in an effective and extremely interesting play. We all know that miraculous cures have been effected by "outsiders" (unlicensed practitioners) after famous surgeons have declared the cases hopeless. On the other hand, the doctors—jealous of their professional standing, erring perhaps, on the ground of ultra-conservatism—insist that no confidence can be placed in practitioners who have not gained their diplomas in the proper manner, that all such attempts at effecting cures are merely imposing on public credulity, even worse, for the charlatan inspires hope that cannot possibly be realized.

That Ragatzy, the arrogant, uncultured bone-setter, ultimately triumphs does not settle the controversy. The experiment made, while serving for the purpose of the theatre, is, of course, wholly unconvincing and without scientific authority. If the play appears to make out that the "outsider" is a victim of unreasonable prejudice, that he is able to achieve the miracle he sets out to perform, and that the doctors opposing him are a lot of narrow-minded, obstinate old fools blind to real progress, these conclusions must not be taken too seriously. The doctors have also something to say and their arguments are sound and to the point. After all, it is in a theatre, not in a hospital operating-room, that the "outsider" presents his astounding proof—pseudo-evidence which must be taken with an even larger than usual *grano salis*.

In the staff-room of a London hospital a group of surgeons have met to discuss the case of an unlicensed practitioner—a foreigner named Ragatzy—who claims to have invented a rack by means of which he has cured cripples whose deformities are declared incurable by the world's leading specialists. The man's a charlatan, declare the doctors. He has no medical degree. To accord him recognition would only be to encourage impostors. Especially antagonistic is Dr. Sturdee, the famous surgeon, whose own daughter, Lalange, was crippled for life through the malpractice of one of these "outsiders." But the other doctors receive Ragatzy and examine his famous rack. They concede he has apparently achieved the impossible, yet they tell him bluntly that they will have nothing to do with him unless he takes out a diploma, whereupon Ragatzy flies into a rage, and in a frenzy of passion chases the startled medicos from the room. Ragatzy determines to have revenge. He will confound his enemies by curing Dr. Sturdee's crippled daughter.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Fine pictorial revival of Rostand's famous romantic play. Splendidly acted by Walter Hampden and brilliant cast.

OUTWARD BOUND—A most unusual and absorbingly interesting play dealing with the hereafter.

SAINT JOAN—Fine historical drama by Bernard Shaw. Admirably acted by Winifred Lenihan and associates.

THE MIRACLE—Stupendous religious spectacle. The finest thing ever seen in this country.

THE OUTSIDER—London success which is meeting with equal favor here. Play deals with so-called "cures" by unlicensed medical practitioners.

THE SWAN—Delightful romantic comedy, admirably acted by Eva Le Gallienne and supporting cast.

WHITE CARGO—A vivid play of the primitive. Expert and powerful drama of African station life acted with special distinction.

In the next act we see Lalange, a delicate, cultured girl, in her father's home in Harley Street. A gifted composer, it is only her love of music that reconciles her to a life on crutches. To a friend she confides her heart's yearnings. She longs to be free and unfettered as other girls. Sex calls loudly within her, yet what man wants a cripple for a wife? Their chat is interrupted by the intrusion of Ragatzy. He promises to make her well again. At first Lalange will have nothing to do with him, but when he adroitly plays on her feelings and conjures up a vision of what life would really mean if only she were as other women, she begins to listen. Dr. Sturdee comes in at this point and, indignant at seeing Ragatzy there, orders him from the house. Lalange, who has now made up her mind, tells her father that she, too, will go—to be cured.

In Act III a year has passed. For twelve long months Lalange has lain on the rack. A few hours more and the supreme test will be made. Will she be able to walk? Ragatzy, who by this time has fallen desperately in love with his patient, is sure of his success. The doctors, still skeptical, come to see the result of the experiment. Tenderly she is removed from the rack and Ragatzy commands her to walk. She takes a few steps, totters and falls. The doctors, furious, denounce Ragatzy as an unprincipled impostor, and leave the room. Ragatzy assures her that the fall is only the result of long unused muscles. She is really well. But his face shows doubt. He himself fears failure. She tries again and once more falls. In despair he is about to rush out. She realizes she loves him, and, giving a wild cry, runs after him without any aid. Ragatzy has triumphed.

The play is well acted. Katharine Cornell, as Lalange, again covers herself with glory. She makes the young crippled girl a very human, appealing figure. Her earlier scenes, when the future holds out no hope, are played with a gentle restraint, very touching in its suggestion of pathetic resignation, and in the later emotional passages with her father, when she pleads to be given a chance to live as other women, and also in the tender moments with Ragatzy—her acting is marked with fine sincerity and naturalness.

Lionel Atwill gives a good, if somewhat conventional performance as Ragatzy. Always the *cabotin,* this actor never lets one forget he is playing a part. He rather overdoes the arrogance of the temperamental bone-setter and in the scene with the doctors is unnecessarily noisy and violent. But he makes the rôle stand out. He has good looks and youthful fire and his love-making is of the not-to-be-denied kind—all telling assets in stage heroes.

Lester Lonergan, as Dr. Sturdee, presented a fine figure as an aristocratic surgeon of the conservative school, and the other doctors were all given the professional air by T. Wigney Percyval, Whitford Kane, John Blair and Kenneth Hunter.

Fata Morgana

Play in three acts by Ernest Vajda. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre on March 3, with the following cast:

George, Morgan Farley: His Mother, Josephine Hull; Annie, his sister, Patricia Barclay; His Father, William Ingersoll; Peter, James Jolley; Rosalie, Helen Westley; Blazy, Charles Cheltenham; Mrs. Blazy, Armina Marshall; Therese, Aline Berry; Katharine, Edith Meiser; Henry, Sterling Holloway; Franciska, Helen Sheridan; Charley Blazy, Paul E. Martin; Mathilde Fay, Emily Stevens; Gabriel Fay, Orlando Daly.

THE tragedy of disillusioned adolescence—that is the theme of this Hungarian play, the title of which, *Fata Morgana,* means Mirage, or things that seem what they are not.

Continental dramatists have a happy faculty of telling a sad story in an amusing way. None better than they know how to sugar the pill. Hence the labeling as a comedy this dramatic episode of suburban Budapest life which shows the shattering of a boy's ideals. The piece is conceived and written in the spirit of true comedy. The local types are capitally drawn, the Hungarian costumes quaint and interesting, the lighter scenes peppered, not to say paprikaed, with delightful humor, the sophisticated dialogue reveals a sure and

expert touch. If the seduction in Act I, where a married woman of forty corrupts the morals of an innocent boy of eighteen, shocks by its brutality, one must give credit to the author for his uncompromising honesty. When the final curtain falls the moral pointed is unescapable. One is made to realize how false and shallow and disgusting life basically is beneath its thin veneer of respectability and virtue.

The action takes place in the sitting-room of well-to-do farmer folk in the environs of Budapest. The household is excited, not only because they are all going to a ball some miles distant, but their cousin Matilde Fay—on whose hectic married life scandal has not been silent—is expected by train and has not arrived. But that shall not prevent them going to the ball. If she comes, George, the eighteen-year-old son, can see to her wants. He has neglected his studies and so is punished by not being permitted to attend the dance. They all depart joyously, leaving George behind. Soon after Matilde—a golden-haired enchantress with all the frills and graces of the metropolis—arrives. She is horrified at finding everybody absent and insists on departing immediately. But there is no train. George gazes at her in mute adoration. Never has the simple country boy seen so fair a vision. As there's no alternative, Matilde decides that she must spend the night in the farmhouse. She is all the more reconciled to it on noting that George is rather good-looking. She takes his hand and strokes his hair. She admits that she's unhappy with her husband—a dreadful man who treats her shamefully. George is stirred with indignation. What manner of brute can the husband be to so maltreat such a divine creature? Meantime he loses his own head and tells Matilde he worships her. She laughs and bids him go to bed. She'll sleep on the sofa. But George tosses and tosses. He can't sleep, and the curtain falls as Matilde, unfastening her waist, goes into his room to keep the dear boy company.

The next day Matilde's husband—a pompous, self-satisfied individual—arrives from the city. He finds his wife strangely *distraite*. She talks vaguely of preferring country lanes to the gay town, of spending the rest of her days wandering through the silent, moonlit woods. He thinks she's crazy, but dismisses it as one of her moods. Then he tells her he has good news. No longer need she stint and economize, or be deprived of her summer trip to Ostend for lack of funds. She can have all the furs and jewelry she likes. A lucky business deal has netted him a handsome profit and, to prove it, he stuffs a lot of bank-notes into her hands. Instantly, country lanes and moonlit woods are forgotten. George is as if he had never existed. Delighted, she throws herself about her husband's neck and runs off to get ready for the train. George enters and tells the husband he has something serious to say. The elder man smiles good-humoredly. "I'm no longer a kid," exclaims the youth. "You must give your wife a divorce so I can marry her." He tells the astonished husband that his wife no longer loves him and that if necessary he'll fight to decide which is the better man.

George soon discovers, however, that Matilde is not worth fighting for. He is chivalrous enough to lie for her—assuring the now suspicious husband that his statement of the previous evening was merely a jest—but his own romance is completely shattered. He now sees Matilde for what she is—a vain, frivolous woman who had merely whiled away an idle hour at his expense, and his faith in womankind forever shaken, he returns to his books and blots her from his mind.

Morgan Farley was admirable as the clean-cut, wistful boy learning a bitter experience of life with his first love affair. He struck just the right note throughout, a sincere, poignant performance.

Emily Stevens gives to Matilde all the sophistication the part calls for. Helen Westley is very amusing as a village gossip, and Orlando Daly, as the husband, adds considerably to the humor of the play.

Welded

Play in three acts by Eugene O'Neill. Produced by the Selwyns at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre on March 17, with this cast:

Eleanor Owen, Doris Keane; Michael Cape, Jacob Ben-Ami; John Darnton, Curtis Cooksey; A Woman, Catherine Collins.

ONE expects something out of the ordinary in an O'Neill play. Whatever other sins may be laid at this dramatist's door he is never obvious or commonplace. That he has a great dramatic gift is certain; that he does not make the best use of it is equally certain. Warped as maybe his outlook on life, his language is colorful and forceful, his types vital, he paints in vivid tones. The wretched negro crouching terror-stricken in the forest while the pursuing drums throb, in *Emperor Jones,* the odyssey of the prostitute and brutal struggle on the river barge in *Anna Christie,* the savage, hopeless revolt of the misshapen, grimy coal passer in *The Hairy Ape*—these are unforgettable stage pictures. Not pleasant plays exactly. Never a ray of light, never a shred of hope illumines or cheers their murky, dank atmosphere. Their women are street-walkers; their men degenerates—drunkards, bullies, beasts. But they make us think. They satisfy the keen appetite of our present-day neurotic, sensation-loving audiences for the unwholesome and the unclean. Like Schopenhauer, O'Neill takes pleasure in raking the human muck heap the while preaching his philosophy of despair.

In *Welded* he is seen in a different mood—a softer, lighter vein. He even goes the length of labeling his piece "a romance of love and marriage." Actually, it is a study in the psychology of love—morbid, talky, barren of any real dramatic action, and, after considerable fuss and fury, getting nowhere in particular. It concerns a lovers' quarrel, the dramatist's thesis being that no matter how much—under stress of a temporary misunderstanding—a man and wife may appear to hate each other, it is impossible to totally destroy their love. In other words, true love is failure-proof. The theme *per se* is not uninteresting, yet when drawn out to three long acts, it becomes decidedly tiresome. To emphasize his point, the dramatist revels in sordid unsavory details. The scene where the husband, driven to distraction, seeks to forget his wife by going with a street-walker—a crude, repellant bedroom episode with nothing left unsaid—shocks by its coarse realism.

The piece is but indifferently acted. Ben-Ami, as the temperamental playwright husband, plays, as usual, with much unnecessary gesture and a thick-voiced oratory that renders half his words unintelligible. Doris Keane, more sylph-like than when last seen here in *The Czarina,* had some telling moments as the wife, but it is talent wasted in a poor cause. *Welded* is, I fear, not destined to a long life.

Macbeth

Shakespeare's tragedy, presented by The Equity Players, Inc., at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre on March 15, with the following cast:

Duncan, Henry Mortimer; Malcolm, Lawrence Cecil; Donalbain, Howard Claney; Macbeth, James K. Hackett; Banquo, Douglas R. Dumbrille; Macduff, Moffat Johnson; Lennox, Harvey D. Hays; Ross, William Adams; Fleance, Teddy Jones; Porter, Louis Wolheim; 1st Murderer, Robert Lawler; 2nd Murderer, Russell Morrison; 1st Witch, Helen Strickland; 2nd Witch, Helen Van Hoose; 3rd Witch, Jane Burby; Lady Macbeth, Clare Eames.

THERE used to be a popular superstition that every seven years the human frame becomes a new chemical unity. It is seven years since James K. Hackett last appeared here as Macbeth. In that lapse of time it may be said that Mr. Hackett as the Thane of Cawdor is a new man physically and mentally. His growth in the rôle has been supreme. The original rendering was sound and adequate, but the present presentation of the part is an achievement of high technical accomplishment, firm and secure in its psychological demonstration and alertly skilled in its denotements of the fighting impulses for good and evil that struggle for possession of Macbeth's indomitable soul. Mr. Hackett is today a big man. His physique suggests the herculean leader, brave, commanding and dauntless, but possessing that gentler strain which, however, under the intensive appeals of his ambitious wife gives way and plunges him into a vortex of blood and crime. It is in the introspective and metaphysical phases of the rôle that Mr. Hackett's rendering seems at its best. There is always dignity and appeal, appropriate gesture and a voice of such reaching resource that the nicest nuances of diction are observed and rendered. The stage lighting interferes with the proper play of facial expression and at the close there is an excess of explosive force, but for dramatic emphasis his encounter with the wraith of Banquo was powerfully compelling. The pathos of his utterance at the news of his cousin's death was affectingly simple and sincere.

Clare Eames as Lady Macbeth gave a wholly novel and original interpretation. If it violated tradition, the actress's fine intelligence and graphic play of voice, body and feature compelled admiration and respect. Douglas R. Dumbrille as Banquo and Harvey Adams as Ross were finely Shakespearean, while the dialogue between Catherine Proctor as the gentlewoman attending the Queen, and Charles Warburton as the doctor, was rendered with fine feeling and dignity.

The Woodman Thompson production was satisfactorily artistic and adequate.

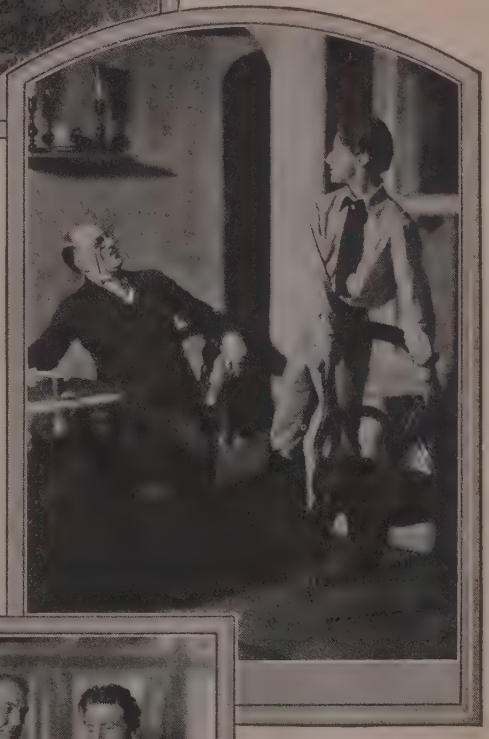
M. de Feraudy in Repertoire

Presented by Wendell Phillips Dodge at the Fulton Theatre on March 10.

NEW YORKERS are fortunate in that they are periodically given an opportunity to enjoy the best of the world's art. American dollars purchase for our museums the masterpieces of painting and sculpture; Yankee enter-

(left to right) Armina Marshall, Josephine Hull, Helen Westley. While awaiting the arrival from the city of their cousin Matilde Fay, the ladies of the household tear to tatters the frail Matilde's reputation

Matilde (*Emily Stevens*) on her arrival finds the farmhouse deserted, but she is quite willing to accept George (*MorganFarley*) as substitute for his elders



George tells the astonished husband (*Orlando Daly*) that he loves Matilde and will fight to get her

But when Matilde learns that a lucky business deal enables her husband to permit new pleasures in the city she grows cold to George's tender wooing

The father (*William Ingersoll*) realizes that his boy has been made the plaything of an unscrupulous woman and urges him to forget it

THE NEW PLAY

"Fata Morgana" an Interesting Tragi-Comedy of Disillusioned Adolescence

A pastel by Count Gustave Muranyi of Ruth Dayton, a new actress in whom David Belasco has discovered great talent and whose stage début soon will be made under his direction. Miss Dayton is of an old family of Chattanooga, Tennessee, a Daughter of the Revolution, who came to New York to enter the field of journalism, but whose exceptional dramatic gift made such an impression upon the producer he himself is coaching her for a stage career

prise and capital lure to our shores the most famous singers and actors in Europe. This season our audiences have been held spellbound by the beautiful acting of Eleonora Duse, the magnificent ensemble work of the Moscovite Players, the stupendous stage effects of Max Reinhardt. The latest foreign visitor to thrill us with his consummate artistry is M. de Feraudy, the distinguished French comedian, who for a quarter of a century has been one of the most prominent members of the world's most celebrated association of players—the Comédie Française.

Mirbeau's comedy *Les Affaires sont les Affaires* is well known in this country under its English title *Business is Business,* having been played here some years ago with W. H. Crane in the rôle of Isadore Lechat, the hard-boiled business man. Feraudy makes him a more human, understandable character than the American actor did. His Lechat is vulgar, rapacious, cunning, but not aggressively so. Hard and violent as the man is, there is a twinkle in his eye and a chuckle in his voice. A jovial, sympathetic note underlies his insolence and tyranny. By sheer force of personality, the French actor succeeds in keeping the play within the confines of comedy, thus freeing it from the tenseness and artificiality of melodrama. The various shadings of the rôle —now humorous, now blustering, now despair were all limned with fine authority and finished artistry—a masterly impersonation.

In Molière's *L'Avare* M. de Feraudy was again seen at his best. It is remarkable how this famous comedy has retained its freshness and sparkle, even though over three centuries have sped by since its *première*. Its amusing situations, its witty dialogue, its delightful characters, are as true to life as if written of the present day. And its central figure, the querulous old miser—cunning, avaricious, easily flattered, terrible in a rage—what character surpasses the unlovely, grasping Harpagon for veracity, satire, and humor in the whole range of stage portraiture? In this part and other rôles of his varied repertoire the French visitor revealed himself an artist of the first rank.

The cast supporting M. de Feraudy was competent, but, with only two or three exceptions, of no special distinction.

The Moon Flower

Play in three acts by Zoe Akins after the Hungarian of Lazos Biro. Produced by Chas. L. Wagner at the Astor Theatre March 3, with the following cast:

Peter, Sidney Blackmer; Diane, Elsie Ferguson; Waiter, Edward Broadley; The Baron, Edwin Nicander; The Duke, Frederic Worlock; Another Waiter, Hubbard Kirkpatrick; Le Maitre D'Hotel, Gustave Rolland.

IF Floyd Dell hadn't already published a book called *Moon-Calf* that title would serve well for the present play. A fledgling falls desperately in love with a courtesan, under the wing, at the time, of a jealous duke. He pours out his soul to her in poetry, and pleads with her for one night in her arms, before he kills himself. Later he changes his mind and wants to marry the jade. Nothing could be more moon-calfish than such behavior.

A noted courtesan is living with a half-mad duke. He tells her that his wife is going to join him for a few days as he wants a son and heir. And he warns his mistress to keep out of his way until the wife departs. The wife joins her husband at the same hotel in Monte Carlo where his beautiful Diane is installed. In a jealous fury she carries on a flirtation with a law student who intends to have one night of bliss before he commits suicide to escape a life of mediocrity and poverty.

The wife and her duke sit on one balcony, and the mistress and her temporary lover watch them across the way. The duke rushes in and out of his mistress' room, thus somewhat disturbing her affair with the boy. There isn't any plot, action, or climax. Of such senseless rubbish is your dramatic pot boiler made.

Elsie Ferguson is always interesting, no matter in what she appears. A red wig detracts, somewhat, from her piquant blonde charm, and it cannot be said that her enunciation is improving. Sidney Blackmer as the youthful lover lacks fervor, his voice is monotonous and without dramatic quality. Edwin Nicander as a sardonic nobleman has clever lines and puts them over adroitly. Frederick Worlock is good as the duke, but it must be irritating to play the rôle of a man touted as ferocious who peters out into a tame cat.

The Wonderful Visit

A play in five scenes by H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine. Presented by the Players Company, Inc., at the Lenox Hill Theatre on February 12, with the following cast:

Grummett, Edmond Norris; Peter Jekyll, Tom Fadden; Delia, Virginia MacFadyen; Mrs. Hinijer, Kate Mayhew; Rev. Richard Benham, M.A., Robert LeSueur; Mrs. Mendham, Marion Beckwith; Nicky, Theodore Hecht; The Angel, Margaret Mower; Rev. George Mendham, M.A., Albert Reed; Henry Crump, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., Mortimer White; Lady Hammergallow, Nellie Graham-Dent; Sir John Gotch, F.B.E., Warren William.

THIS Ervine dramatization of the Wells story marks the second artistic triumph of the new little theatre group which was responsible for *Sun Up*. It tells of the dream visit of an Angel to a harassed and idealistic young pastor fighting to do the right as he sees it, against the bigotry and cruelty of his parish; and it reveals in Margaret Mower, who plays the Angel, an impressive talent for effective dramatic simplicity and a beauty almost unworldly in its radiant strength.

Driven to despair by the narrow carping of his flock when he offers shelter to an outcast young woman and her child, the young priest seeking solace in his garden is surprised by a visit from an Angel. This sexless materialization of a heavenly spirit is fitted out with a suit of the pastor's clothes and installed in his household. Immediately the Christian tongues begin to wag and the churchly suspicions to run riot.

The Angel becomes desperately unhappy. It sees the unkindness of the good, more vicious than the vices of the wicked, and suffers so humanly for the blindness of the humans that finally it returns to whence it came, unable for all its heavenly strength to endure the worldly weakness.

Miss Mower's performance is a fine artistic achievement, and the cast surrounding her is at all times adequate. While the appeal of *The Wonderful Visit* is to the idealists, it is a dramatic production by a new group worthy of general attention.

We Moderns

Comedy in three acts by Israel Zangwill. Produced by George C. Tyler at the Gaiety Theatre on March 11, with the following cast:

Robert Sundale, O. P. Heggie; Katherine Sundale, Isabel Irving; Richard, Kenneth Mackenna; Mary, Helen Hayes; Beamish, Galwey Herbert; Feodosia Moskovski, Olin Field; John Ashlar, Harris Gilmore; Sir William Wimple, St. Clair Bayfield; Dorothy, Gilda Leary; Oscar Pleat, James Dale; Joanna Herzberg, Mary Shaw.

THE great divide between the Mid-Victorians and the modern *intelligentsia* affords Israel Zangwill his theme for this new comedy. The manner in which the members of the two generations refuse to span this divide provides the situations. Their theories and their bickerings furnish the dialogue. Though it is termed a comedy, this play—another variant of that other comedy on a similar theme *The Goose Hangs High*—has only a meager supply of humor. The few comedy lines lack spontaneity, and there is something about their flavor which suggests that the play itself was written a number of years ago.

The story reveals that a Mid-Victorian father and mother find their offspring have grown out of bounds. The son and daughter travel with a crowd of young radicals who smoke, drink, pose in the altogether, indulge in cubist art, and write free verse, advocating free love. They are the direct antithesis of the old-fashioned pair to whom all this modernism is anathema. The young pair get into a quagmire as a result of their radical notions. The manner in which they are finally brought to a realization of the error of their ways is utterly unconvincing. There are times when the preachment of the dialogue wearies; others when one is baffled to know whether the author sympathizes with the Mid-Victorians or the moderns.

Sweet Seventeen

A comedy by L. Westervelt and John Clements, written in co-operation with Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, produced by John Henry Mears at the Lyceum Theatre on March 17, with the following cast:

Ida Farnum, Grace Filkins; Grace Farnum, Isabel Leighton; Peeks Farnum, Marian Mears; Bozo, By Himself; Rannie, Jennie Eustace; Russell Farnum, Douglas Wood; Bill Boyd, Stanford Jolley; Diana Edgerton, Josephine Drake; Ted Rutherford, Edward H. Wever; Donald Brown, Charles Trowbridge.

AN entertaining comedy conservatively built along the ribald lines of farce, this new treatise on the officious flapper makes much of the considerable talents of Marian Mears in the rôle of the sub-deb Peeks whose finger is in the social, matrimonial and financial pies of all her friends and family. The story is one of those slight things which serve to unite the familiar "ladder-climbing compromise" and "hiding-in-hamper eavesdropping" episodes which compose farce-comedy. The dialogue is bright and snappy enough to convey the illusion of wit and sophistication, and the cast, from Josephine Drake as the bold vamp, to one irresistible mongrel hight Bozo, is impressively gifted. Though not a thing to inflame the town with its brilliant originality, *Sweet Seventeen* is a pleasant enough evening's entertainment.

The Tragedy of the Press Agent

His Painful Job is to Make Fame For Others While His Own Light Remains Dimmed

By A FORMER FRIAR

"SOME are born Beacons—some are born Reflectors," is one of many things I heard from Sarah Bernhardt. The Press-Agent, though he should be a Beacon, fits usually and, in a way, quite properly, into the second category. It is his painful job to pave the way for Beacons, to make things smooth for brilliant Personalities; to proclaim the splendor of approaching galaxies; to toot the horn for circuses and "troopers." But he is sometimes something else—a crushed tragedian, a victim of the cruelty of Fate.

He seems a gay dog when you meet him in his club-house, inventing jests and swapping tales of things "put over." His voice rings clear, and you would fancy he was care-free. But this is only part of his dark tragedy, which he hides skilfully behind the mask of comedy.

I know whereof I speak, for I have been there. And I pray Heaven that I may not go there again. Not, of course, that there is anything to be ashamed of in the Mission of the Press-Agent. What would one know of those Great Personalities but for their precursors' industry. But it is sad to spend one's life in blaring trumpets on behalf of men and women of whom some, if merit counted, might have been trumpeting for their own Press-Agents.

Then why, you ask, this thusness? Why is a man, who has himself made plays, forced by the irony of life to conceal his M. S. S. in secret drawers, and to advertise the plays of inferior rivals? Why is a woman, who believes herself a Duse, driven by grim circumstance to write of other Duses? Why must some, who really feel they are great critics, stoop to wait patiently in critics' anterooms? The Lord, no doubt, knows, though He does not tell.

IT is chiefly in his comic-tragic character that the Press-Agent appeals to me, when I look back to some of my experiences. I have lived with many "passionate Press-Agents," to quote once more from Philip Hale, of Boston. I have drunk with them and eaten in their clubs. I have suffered—really suffered—as they suffer. I like most of them for their unfailing courage, their philosophy in the face of obstacles, and their unquestioned nerve. Let no one damn them if they lapse from grace. It is not easy to retain one's sense of honesty when one is hounded by materialistic managers. It is barely possible, except in the cases of such wonders as Bernhardt or "Jack" Barrymore, to stick to facts when one is booming "stars."

"Deliver the goods, or—well, get out," is the exhortation of the managers. "Do me justice, or—er—we shall have to find someone who can," is the spoken or unspoken admonition of the actors for whom one goes press-agenting.

The success of Press-Agents depends, first and last, on their ability to "put things over"; on their persuasive powers in their relationships with important critics, self-important city editors, and influential managing editors. The gentlemen who "present" attractions, human and near-human, care little as to whether what is printed of them is strictly true, so long as they get largely into print. No "star," they say, has ever yet objected to being over-praised by his Press-Agent.

"Step right up, gents. The greatest show on earth!"

Their shackles may sit lightly on the younger Friars when, for the first time, they go forth as full-fledged Press-Agents. They like the excitement, the uncertainty of their trade. It is, to most of them at worst, a rare adventure. Then, as year follows quickly on the heel of year, they like things less. The gilt and glamor ere long lose their early charm, and the Reflectors become envious of the Beacons (of whom many are mock-Beacons). They are apt to wonder why they, who themselves are lights, should have to advertise the lights of other people; why they should have to wander through wild towns not to awake the world to a fit knowledge of their own significance, but to proclaim the glory of a favorite "star," or to sing pæans about famous opera companies. But, though in private they may wail and groan, at the Lambs' and Friars' they will put up a good front. For well they know, that the Press-Agent who grouses is not popular.

As time runs on they find it harder to invent stories which they can "put over" in the newspapers. They grow to hate those bleak and dreary critical ante-rooms. They may even come to hate most city editors. In other days, when they rushed in to an editor with a tale of the lost diamonds of Mme. Patti, or betrothal of Miss Ferrari to Signor Scottini, they were made welcome. Now, if their stories are not sure and fool-proof, they get scowls and snubs.

ONCE an audacious Press-Agent made a sensation by announcing the escape of the wild beasts from Central Park Zoo. Now, if he dared to obtrude himself on an editor with such simplicities, he would be bounced by an office-boy. In these hard-hearted times, it takes more than nerve to get the ear of an editor. The attitude of the critics attached to the chief newspapers in their dealing with all but the most authoritative and impressive of the Press-Agents is discouraging. As discouraging as that of the Press-Agents themselves might be if they were asked to buy a new Encyclopædia on the instalment plan. It takes good humor, tact, persistence, and above all philosophy in this, our day to "put over" even a true story or a brilliant "wheeze." An Ananias, now and then, may bluff his way into the public prints. Just once or so. Not more than twice or thrice. He may embroider on his facts, if facts there be on which to embroider. But a foundation of a true and solid kind will be required of him. Happily, as I need scarcely say, most Press-Agents love Truth.

There have been Press-Agents who had things their own way. Of the most famous, the most quoted, was, perhaps, that Tody Hamilton, who for years trumpeted so loudly and triumphantly for Barnum and Bailey. His stock-in-trade was, first, exaggeration of an outrageous kind, and, next, preposterous and absurd alliteration. His "ads" were, in their own field, shameless classics. They charmed the public in the simple days of yore, and they have served as models. Beside the circus, which those "ads" described, the seven wonders of the world seemed insignificant; Niagara itself was not worth a visit; the Grand Canyon paled and waned into a ditch. Perhaps because it had no Tody Hamilton, the Hippodrome last year went out of business. There was nothing tragic, to be sure, about Tody. He was certainly not crushed or sad at heart. He had no ambition, I believe, to be more or less than an extraordinary Trumpeter. He did not

(*Continued on page* 62)

At sixteen in
The Fair Co-Ed

Elsie Janis at seven

At thirteen an impression of
Julia Marlowe

In *The Century Girl*

Victor Georg
Today in concert recital

In *Miss Information*

In *The Lady of the Slipper*

A war-time entertainer in France

In *Hullo America* in London

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 19. ELSIE JANIS

Born in Columbus, Ohio, Elsie Janis, the country's foremost imitator and mimic, first played child parts with the Niel Stock Company in Columbus in *East Lynne*, *The Ensign*, *The Charity Ball*, and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Her New York début was made at the Casino Theatre Roof Garden in vaudeville, where she was billed as "Little Elsie." Her first sensational success was in *The Vanderbilt Cup*, after having appeared in *The Belle of New York*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *The Fortune Teller*, *The Little Duchess*, and *When We Were Forty-one*. Miss Janis then went under the management of Charles Dillingham in *The Hoyden*, *The Fair Co-Ed*, *The Slim Princess*, *A Star for a Night*, and *The Lady of the Slipper*. She made her London début in 1914 at the Palace in *The Passing Show*, another season playing with *Hullo America*. On her return to America she produced her own revue, *Elsie Janis and Her Gang*. More recently Miss Janis has played vaudeville engagements, and she is now filling a few concert dates

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

XXXII—KATHARINE CORNELL

KATHARINE CORNELL bristles with characteristics.

There are the high cheek bones and glowing eyes that bespeak the Slav. Yet she will tell you that she is only an American girl who belonged in Buffalo and through some domestic error in computation was born in Berlin.

She is a continuous seeker after knowledge, though she professes to laugh at her quest. "Your mind is like an open window," said one who admires her. "Yes," she said, the sheen of her lips curving deliciously over her teeth that are like new wheat, "to admit a great deal of dust. So open that I am always catching cold."

She tells those who approach her in awe of her swift and enviable attainments in dramatic art, that there are an overwhelming number of things she cannot do. "I can't write letters," she says. "I just can't. Perhaps if when I do try to write I could see regular characters flowing away from the point of my pen, I would believe I could write letters. But one look at a line or two of the wiggle waggles, and I toss away my pen. Or I break it. I understand the United States Senator who said he had dictated letters so long he could not write."

Something else, unique, startles attention to this actress whose methods are so strong and effective. She is never without a job. The law of supply and demand is at work. Needed a capable, conscientious and gifted actress, there she is. Washington Square Players, *Little Women, Nice People, The Enchanted Cottage, A Bill of Divorcement, Will Shakespeare, Casanova*—engagements follow each other as the click of soldiers' heels upon a pavement. Then *The Way Things Happen,* which critics didn't like, because a certain charming actress, who in this paragraph shall be nameless, thinks they may not have understood it.

Katharine Cornell shocked a Buffalo stock company at rehearsals by riding a horse into its midst. Manager Jessie Bonstelle admired the girl as much as she feared the horse. She told William A. Brady about her and he engaged her for the leading rôle of *The Enchanted Cottage.* The feat was not as hoydenish as it sounds. As a woman thinketh. She was the leading athlete at the girls' school which she attended at Mamaroneck, and from which she was graduated. She ran and swam and rowed and rode. Wherefore, then, the incongruity of her surveying rehearsals from her horse's back?

Another unique trait. She is happily married. She actually loves her husband. And she has had him for three years. She may be a pioneer in the re-establishment of the waning popularity of marriage. Guthrie McClintic, who produced *The Square Peg* and *In the Next Room,* met her while he was director and she the leading woman of a stock company. When her husband is out of town she declines all invitations to Thespian or any other social assemblages. She goes home, reads for an hour, and goes to bed.

Once she was a school ma'am. For two years. Although her father, P. C. Cornell of Buffalo, was a man of the theatre, she chose the school-room for her occupation. 'Twas the daredevil equestrian interruption of the rehearsals of Jessie Bonstelle's stock company that galloped, kicked or flung—choose your own verb—her upon the stage.

XXXIII—SELENA ROYLE

THE first time I saw Selena Royle she was weeping. Decorously, sadly, and without any proclaimed reason, upon the whiteness of the breakfast cloth. Her father, Edwin Milton Royle, author of *Friends* and *The Squaw Man* and dramatist of *Launcelot and Elaine,* gently transferred the tears and their source to his shoulder. Upon which the six year old stilled her sobs, looked up shyly and smiled. She has been looking up shyly and smiling ever since, it would seem.

Not long thereafter the playwright sold his country home, *The Wickiup,* named in honor of his three-year and stock afterward play, *The Squaw Man,* and removed to the city.

"The farm has served its beautiful purpose," said his one-time leading woman, now his wife, Selena Fetter Royle. "It has helped us to bring up the children halely and sanely. Now we must move upon the city, for their careers must be made." Edwin Milton Royle and his wife had no sneer for the dramatic schools. Skilled players as they were, and modest, they sent their daughters, Josephine and Selena, to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The late Franklin Sargent directed the education of the youthful Royles. Both were graduated.

Enter, then, paternal experience. "I may be wrong, but I am proceeding by the light I have," said the actor-playwright parent, "but I know the hardness of the lower rungs. I climbed them. If it is possible I want to spare my little sweethearts the roughness and coldness of those rungs. I will give them what opportunity I can to begin at the top."

He made a dramatization of *Launcelot and Elaine,* and with Pedro de Cordoba, who played Launcelot to the Elaine of the elder daughter, and the Queen Guinivere of the younger, he produced it at the Greenwich Village Theatre. His experiment, as showing that his daughters held not only the potentialities, but the activities of leading women, was a success. Their successive engagements have all been in leading rôles. Selena played in *The Temporary Husband, The Golden Girl, Peer Gynt* and, her goldenness hidden by an ink black wig, the girl who makes the trouble in the drama of Spanish life, *Rust.*

"You are playing in the same theatre in which you made your début," reminded a caller at the stage door.

"Yes," said Selena as she raised her blue silk umbrella, "and I'm glad I am here, for it is the best theatre in town to play in when it rains." She dashed from the door of the Greenwich Village Theatre into the yawning mouth of the Christopher Street subway station. Looking shyly up and smiling:

"It is delightful to be in the second generation of actors," said the golden haired one, relieved of her wig. "But it has disadvantages. One is being continuously rehearsed. Father got out of a sick bed to come to the opening night. Mother, of course—she always travels with Joe or me when we are on tour—and my sister were there. Joe came to four performances before she was satisfied with my work. She said with the gravity of an older sister, 'You have much to learn.' I said, 'I know it, but don't rub it in.'"

XXXIV—CHARLES L. WAGNER

HE makes a mistake who tries to smile Charles L. Wagner down as a dilettante in the theatre.

Mr. Wagner is a dreamer who in good, or other, time translates his dreams into deeds. Thirty years intervened between the dreams and the deeds. The interval he has filled with managing concert tours, and building reputations of singers —John McCormack, Amelita Galli Curci, Mary Garden, who left to him the decision whether she is of concert *timbre.* For these and for himself he has acquired fortunes.

In Bloomingdale, Illinois, at eighteen, he loved the theatre. He paid a quarter for gallery seats and applauded the players till the welkin—of the gallery—rang. He wanted to manage a company. He wanted to raise stars to the theatrical firmament. To his surprise, he learned that to fulfil his soaring ambitions, required money. He must have money—much money. Therefore, when the chance came to open a bureau for music stars in Chicago, he opened it. That required but a month's rent and confidence. The olive-skinned lad had

(*Continued on page* 56)

CONSTANCE BINNEY
a winsome star of the cinema, who has stepped from the glare of the Kleigs into the comparative shadow of Broadway with her gracious song and dancing as the *Sweet Little Devil*

Photos by Goldberg

MAXINE BROWN
whose grace, voice and charm are important features of the sweetly melodious *Moonlight*

EMMA HAIG
the captivating little dancer, shakes these interesting feet this season in *The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly*

NICK LONG, JR.
not Douglas Fairbanks, but merely an impersonation. This talented comedian and dancer is stepping to the sensational pace set by Ada Mae in her highly amusing musical play, *Lollipop*

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE LOWLY OPERETTAS

One Fellow and Three Girls Featured in Successful Musical Plays

Are Chorus-Girls Really Immoral?

Interesting Revelations Anonymously Made by University Professor of Psychology

THEORIES as to the morals and standards of our American chorus-girl differ widely. The factions and tendencies influencing the life of same are so involved that their intricate results have longed puzzled the psychic observer. The professional attitude, of course, differs widely from the opinion of the public at large. Overhearing men discussing the chorus-girl at the club, we might get a biased opinion, because of the specific case in question. But when we study them as a group, and not as an individual, we take them as a body. Hence we may analyze their conduct, habits and psychic reactions to the problems which confront them with total disregard for the specific. Is the American chorus-girl really immoral?

In my observations and research over these past few years I have seen much. I have watched them work from the back row of the chorus right up to a speaking part. Again, I have seen them violate all the laws of self-preservation and be backed to the wall—a blown rose and passée at forty-five. But, let me not deviate, I was to be general, not specific.

In this analyzation of the chorus-girl as a class, I found it impossible for me to interview a number sufficient to give the public the correct and absolutely authentic facts. Try as I might in this connection, my research was incomplete. My primary intention was to carry the whole thing through in this way, but such was unsuccessful. I would send in a card to Maida Maloney, on which I would write, "Appreciate seeing you relative to specific analyzation of contingent habits," and the man at the stage-door would come back and tell me that Miss Maloney would be glad to go out with me tomorrow night, although she rarely went to such places.

Hence, finding that the personal-interview method was not expedient, I turned to a more logical method, and hit one which any man with a scientific turn of mind would appreciate as being the most thorough and direct process of solution. First, I selected the five outstanding musical attractions at the time, namely, the *Music Box Review,* the *Follies,* the *Greenwich Village Follies,* the *Scandals,* and *Artists and Models.* Bribing the ushers for programs, I took each home and had my secretary make a list of the chorus "in toto." My next step was to devise a questionnaire, which would not be too personal, and yet give me the information necessary to make possible this daring exposé of facts.

In order, however, to secure the maximum percentage of replies, and that the young ladies should respond freely and carefully to my questionnaire, giving me the information requested, I had to add a particular inducement. This I did, of course, and added that to every girl who would return the questionnaire properly filled out I would give gratis one year's subscription to the *Technical Observer's Review of the Psychological Research,* of which I am editor. Also was enclosed a self-addressed stamped envelope.

The results were more than gratifying. Sixty-three per cent. of the girls replied, of which 42.326 per cent. of the blanks were legibly filled in. A number of girls returned the questionnaire absolutely blank and probably thinking that they would receive a subscription to the *Technical Observer's Review of Psychological Research,* evidently having misread my terms. 2.08 per cent. of the girls were vulgar—one having written "go to hell" at the top of the sheet, and the others do not bear repeating herein. Any of you who should care to write me personally, however, will receive additional information. In the first part of the query I asked questions relative to their domestic life, while the second half I devoted to professional data. After noting my results I am sure you who thought ill of our American chorus-girl will alter your opinions.

It is indeed promising to report that over half of the girls brushed their teeth. Twenty-two per cent. had birthmarks of some kind or another. This, I think, can be traced to the severe strain on the eyes incurred by the tremendous brilliancy of the spotlights.

To my question, "Are you an atheist?" several answered "No, Republican," and to my inquiry asking whether they were musically inclined, one young lady answered in the affirmative stating that at a very tender age she played on the linoleum. I have asked several musicians as to the correct nomenclature of this instrument, but to date have found no very elucidary information.

To continue, forty-six per cent. of the girls sleep in beds, forty-eight per cent. on cots. This explained by the fact that inasmuch as most of their sleeping is done in the daytime they feel it indelicate to occupy a bed during that period. Strangely enough four out of every five expected to get pyorrhea.

Included in the list was one scientific question which I deemed advantageous for a scientific reaction. My question was "From where does New York get its supply of electricity?" Twelve answered from the Battery. So much for the domestic question.

As to the professional interrogatories, there seemed to be some timidity on their part in response. Perhaps they felt the evidence would be in some way incriminating. In answer to my question "What influence do you find of the Renaissance period on the present-day structure of futuristic associations in the theatre?" 33.05 per cent. answered "yes."

Attached herewith is a section in part of the questionnaire submitted, showing specimen sheet. STANLEY E. RAUH.

Questionnaire to Determine Chorus-Girl Mentality

I. Q. Do you approve of Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis?
A. *No, I think it will be a sure flop.*

II. Q. What is the distance from the earth to the constellation Hercules? (a) In English miles? (b) By the metric system?
A. (a) *I never walked it.* (b) *About 4E.*

III. Q. What are Rabies and what would you do for them?
A. *Rabbies is Jewish priests and I wouldn't do nothing for them.*

IV. Q. Where does one secure admission to the S. P. C. A.?
A. *Tyson's or McBride's.*

V. Q. What three things are elementary in the care of the body?
A. *Should be washed, greased and Simonized every week.*

VI. Q. How could you distinguish a Corinthean from an Ionic base?
A. *I'd make him wear a carnation in his left buttonhole so as there wouldn't be no mistake.*

VII. Q. Who is president of the United States?
A. *Mr. Coolidge.*

VIII. Q. What is Gutta Percha?
A. *An opera singer.*

IX. Q. Who is Rameses?
A. *Some bird who makes cigarettes.*

Muray

Maurice Colbourne, who scores an enormous personal hit as the valiant Dunois, the Maid's ally in Shaw's *Saint Joan*

(*Below*) Morgan Farley, whose interpretation of the adolescent youth in the sad Hungarian comedy of disillusionment, *Fata Morgana*, is one of the outstanding performances of the season

© Victor Georg

Goldberg

Ian Maclaren, who plays the grim Bishop of Beauvais in *Saint Joan* with impressive dramatic power

Claypoole

Joseph Macauley, whose Inquisitor in the Shaw play is distinguished by a brilliant craftiness and cruelty

Philip Leigh, in whom the rôle of the peevish lollipop-loving Dauphin is most effectively vested

Muray

THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS THESE ACTORS OF DISTINCTION

Other Managers Exploiting Femininity, the Guild Distinguishes Itself by the Fine Talent of its Men

C · I · N · E · M · A

Miss Davies Wins a New Crown—Griffith's Rehabilitation—The Film Aviary

By HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

WITH ecstatic yelps the film reviewers of the daily press, led by the beagles of the *New York American* and the *Evening Journal,* gave welcoming tongue to *Yolanda,* the latest Ultra-Art Superspectacle from the toiling cameras of the Cosmopolitan Studios. Together with this joyous pack, Mr. Will H. Hays, looking upon the picture industry with a paternal eye that is eminently becoming a man whose step-son is doing the handsome thing by him, seems to have been overcome by the sight of so much merchantable art in one moving picture. It would be unseemly for one acetous critic to sound a sour note in the pæan for this "supreme triumph of the silver sheet"; therefore, I hasten to assure you that I believe *Yolanda* to be, in truth, a unique achievement of the cinema. Never has there been a moving picture quite like it, and never has there been a screen star who acted as Miss Marion Davies acts. In effectiveness, *Yolanda* should be comparable to *Don Quixote.* As Cervantes' great novel brilliantly routed the honeyed tales of chivalry, so *Yolanda,* an uproarious travesty of fifteenth century France, should laugh the armory of all blooming knighthood photoplays to the junk heap behind Eaves' emporium. It is a picture that one can not forget so long as there is a chuckle left above one's diaphragm.

MISS DAVIES, who was recently elected "Queen of the Screen" at a congress of International Film Service press-agents, proves herself, in the titular duality of the rôles of Princess Mary of Burgundy and Yolanda the burgher maid, to be the cinema's greatest comedienne, its Queen of Burlesque. Be the scene ever so solemn, it seldom fails to become ludicrous with her entrance. Her tender moments with her princely lover are quite as mirth-provoking as Buster Keaton's drollest by-play.

But even her most telling comedy strokes are dulled by the sharp hilarity that points the dramatic efforts of Ralph Graves as the hero of the piece. Mr. Graves, in full armor and minatory mien, quite splits the sides of the irreverent spectator as he swings his broad-axe in deadly combat. However, I feel it my duty to chide him gently for swiping Charlie Chaplin's duck shuffle when he approaches his trysts with the coy Yolanda. But his artful commingling of Harlem cabaret etiquette and the court customs of medieval France is his own idea and is deliciously quaint in its naïve originality. To such high priests as Mr. Graves austere Clio owes her popularity with us moderns.

AS Louis XI, Holbrook Blinn, perhaps because of his single-minded artistry, is quite eclipsed by the other members of the cast in an aptitude for comic grimaces. He behaves throughout as Louis the Spider might have behaved, which is, of course, a bit damaging to the farcical effect his fellow mimes are sweating to create.

Mr. Joseph Urban's costly backgrounds, resplendent with their wealth of minute detail—some of which is clearly registered by the camera—are in perfect keeping with the merry spirit of the production, except in random places where he has faithfully copied a sombre Gothic arch. As the story of *Yolanda* seems to have been changed daily while the picture was being made, it is more than lack of space that prevents its recounting here. If memory serves me well, it directly concerns a herd of horses that run wildly from place to place with motion-picture actors clinging to their manes, and that all dash toward their oat-bins in "Burgundy" when the film is flickering to its close. The horses, not having read the scenario or the advance notices in the press, act like horses instead of like jackasses.

WASHINGTON
as he is impersonated by Arthur Dewey in *America*

WHILE the sniggering memory of *Yolanda* may disturb the sanctity of the movie temples when other so-called historical spectacles are on view, it will never be evoked, save in the awful judgment of contrast, if the photoplay be D. W. Griffith's *America.* I approached Mr. Griffith's latest picture in a diffident mood, expecting the shrewd and oft-times effective melodramatic dodges that the director has mastered by a somewhat wearisome public practice, but never dreaming that my eyes would be blessed by the loveliest visions the cinema has yet brought them. In sheer pictorial beauty *America* has no equal among the moving pictures of the past. Scene after scene of haunting charm appear upon the screen, often snatched away by the greedy title writer before their beauty can be fully savored, but each seeming to surpass in splendor those that have gone before.

Largely this is the fixed beauty that is created by the artist of the brush, but the director has, nevertheless, achieved many magnificent pictures with a flowing tapestry whose threads pulsate with life. The technique of brilliant compositions that are formed by a combination of painted perspective-glass and natural scenery, has here reached a degree of perfection that augurs even greater artistic triumphs for the cinema in the future. Heretofore, the motion-picture camera has stolidly reflected the reality upon which it was focussed. With this new trickery of paint and glass the director may shape from his fancy a veridical dream world in which to dangle his puppets. Griffith has not neglected the rich possibilities of this visual appurtenance.

THE Griffith pictures are ever ripe in vigorous action and *America* is no exception. Cloyed as the movement is with the ponderously patriotic subtitles of the ingenuous historian, the story manages, under the ægis of Robert W. Chambers as fictionist, to break loose from time to time and spread itself over the landscape, both the real and the imaginary. It tells the Sacrifice of the Revolution as it has never been told—and perhaps as it never was. History carved with flashing sabres and frescoed with ball and powder, poignant drama that glows through the wrack of battle-fields and congeals to a heart-ache in the snows of Valley Forge—all this the director has welded into one memorable photoplay.

A pretty romance between two gifted players, Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster, is embroidered with the human touches that D. W. Griffith always manages to impart to his characters. The rift in the lute is caused by those admirable rascals,

Paul Revere rides again. The patriot's thrilling call to arms is one of the most stirring and inspiring of the Revolutionary episodes in Griffith's triumphant historical spectacle, *America*

With Richard Barthelmess as the shell-shocked war-veteran, and pretty May McAvoy a miracle of plainness, the fantastic beauty of Pinero's *The Enchanted Cottage* has been captured by the screen

EXTREMES MEET IN THE PROGRAM OF NEW PICTURES

Whimsey to Blood-shed, Two Widely Different Films Feel the Red Touch of War

Lionel Barrymore and Louis Wolheim, but they, with George the Third, are confounded before the final closeup. Coming somewhat prematurely, the real climax of the picture is the thundering ride of Paul Revere. In beating hoofs Griffith has seldom failed to find stirring drama, although what he here secures with one marvelous horseman he misses entirely with a full troop of cavalry in the latter part of the picture. That particular pitcher—the time-worn Griffith formula of the ride-to-the-rescue—has gone to the movie well for the last time. *The Birth of a Nation* still remains without a peer for melodrama suspense and blazing excitement.

THE month that saw the rehabilitation of Mr. Griffith as the American cinema's foremost director, brought another star of fading magnitude back to its pristine brilliance. Pola Negri, under the sharp direction of Herbert Brenon in *Shadows of Paris,* retrieves the high reputation that was hers when she first appeared upon the American scene. Lugubrious continuities, superficial direction, and general lack of understanding on the part of the executives of the Famous-Players-Lasky Corporation, had almost succeeded in turning her into the befrocked, simpering movie star that seems to be the American ideal. Beneath the spangled gowns the fire of her talent was still unquenched, although it flickered low. But then she stripped off the Poiret models, donned the rags of the Apache, and the light blazed forth. Pola Negri is herself again, primarily because Herbert Brenon had the good sense to allow her to be just that. Mr. Brenon, since the murky days of William Fox melodramas, has proved himself to be a highly intelligent director with a peculiar flair for handling actors.

He has a companion under the Paramount banner in Sidney Olcott, who rescued Gloria Swanson from her modistes and milliners, and made her earn her fame by honest acting. By a curious coincidence that only the scenario department of Famous Players can explain, the picture in which Miss Swanson disclosed herself as an excellent actress, *The Humming Bird,* bears more than a chance resemblance in plot, locale, and characters to Pola Negri's returning vehicle, *Shadows of Paris.* Miss Negri's *nom-de-plume,* by the way, was "The Blackbird."

There are scores of other photoplays that monotonously pluck the same string. The situations may not be true, but Mr. Hays knows they have been tried often enough. Our finest picture actors struggle in vain against the hackneyed stories they are forced to live.

Few stars are as gifted as Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill and not even the silly plot of *Twenty-One* could quite smother their talent; yet the crudities of story repeatedly spoiled their most effective scenes. One felt that the scenario writer was racing to overtake them and to force them back into place as "hero" and "heroine."

Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr suffered much the same handicap in *Thy Name Is Woman*—the story of *Carmen* brought down to date—although the result, in spite of the yarn and the interpolated captions anent the many names of Woman, was excellent screen entertainment. In this instance it was fortunate that the continuity writer slavishly followed the development of the stage play, for with the omission of extraneous plot complications and "off-stage" business the two principal characters are left much together—and make the most of this propinquity, histrionically speaking. I commend this Metro picture to you as one that embodies the most finished acting of any photoplay of the present season. The honors go to Mr. Novarro and Miss La Marr, and to Mr. Fred Niblo, the director who made their work possible.

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in *Monsieur Beaucaire,* with which he makes his return to the screen

So long as the threadbare plots of stage play and novel are turned into celluloid, just so long will the cinema stay rooted among the eidolons of the past. It should be patent to almost any observer that the moving-picture can never realize its promises unless it be freed from commercial control. While films still cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to produce, such control is inevitable and popular taste, instead of the conscience of the artist, will remain the criterion. Just as some books and plays are created for a special audience, numbered in hundreds or thousands instead of in millions as is the picture audience of today, so will the higher type of cinema be created for its special clientèle. The answer to the commercial control of the stage was the Little Theatre movement. The answer to the commercial control of the pictures will be the little film movement. Depending for their effect upon the grace of flowing lines and the artistry of true pantomime, rather than upon the gilded excrescences of lavish backgrounds and a mob of rabid actors, the cost of these films will be counted in hundreds of dollars instead of thousands and millions.

Moving pictures may some day be produced by artists, truly creating in this wonderfully fluid medium, for the small number of people who appreciate Beauty and who will help cultivate any field in which it may be grown. Through such groups a gradual improvement in the public taste may be effected, a process now going on in the theatre's public. The Art Cinema may yet extend its influence over the great mass of picture patrons.

But fettered as it is to the box-office the Cinema can move comfortably within the lengths of its chains, although it needs only one sharp tug on the links to dispel the illusion of artistic freedom. Yet the area of graceful movement is not painfully constricted unless the artist push an inquisitive finger into the little clay gods of democracy that surround his playground. These smirking idols lose their shapes so easily that their guardians—the censors, official and otherwise—do well to protect them jealously. A Griffith, a Lubitsch, a Chaplin may labor in the arena with one eye on the implacable thumbs of the multitude, but there comes a moment when they forget everything for the work beneath their hands. To such reckless lapses we owe the few really great things in the Cinema, and therein lie our hopes for its future as an authentic art.

BUT the critic who disparages a book, a play, or a film because it has won popular approval and commercial success may be as blind as he who rates its merits by these criteria. *The Marriage Circle,* directed by Ernst Lubitsch, is almost certain to bring its producers, the Warner Brothers, a satisfactory financial return, and yet it is the most urbane and sophisticated motion picture that has been screened since Chaplin gave an ungrateful public *A Woman of Paris.* Suave as was the latter production Lubitsch's picture surpasses it in design and finish. Adolphe Menjou, the most persuasive actor of the Cinema, is the mainstay of both pictures.

Avoiding the obtrusive sentimentality that characterized part of Chaplin's drama, *The Marriage Circle* is as witty and as refreshingly cynical as a Schnitzler play. The intent of the director is communicated, however, not by subtitles but by movements, and this artistry, in my opinion, guarantees its welcome reception by those movie fans who are able to pass the Binet picture test. For those who imbibe their scandalous pabulum from the illustrated papers there is a breathless little intrigue to follow, told in unambiguous images that need no blatant captions to interpret them, and yet embellished with esoteric bits of psychology. He has created in *The Marriage Circle* a masterpiece of kinetic art that sets a mark at which the overwhelming majority of his American colleagues will shoot in vain.

A jousting tournament in Marion Davies' film *Yolanda*, a spectacular feature which revives the chivalry and magnificence of the fifteenth century. (*Below*) The painting lesson. Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels in the foreground of a charming moment in the French episode of Rodolph Valentino's *Monsieur Beaucaire*.

THE COSTUME PLAY RETURNS TO FAVOR

With Scrupulous Fidelity to Detail, the Camera Turns Back the Hands of Time

M · U · S · I · C

Paul Whiteman Gives a Jazz Feast. Boris Anisfeld's Scenery Illuminates "Le Roi de Lahore"

By GRENVILLE VERNON

WE are in an age of shifting values, of new moralities. Each day a new young radical upsets our applecarts filled with inherited prejudices and traditions. Virtue becomes vice, and vice virtue. We seem to be spinning on our heads rather than walking on our feet. But this was what our ancestors thought of the inhabitants of the antipodes. What will our descendants think of us? This thought came to me at Mr. Paul Whiteman's jazz concert at Æolian Hall, a concert to which thronged every musical celebrity in town, and which filled the columns of the newspapers with comment for a week afterwards. Everybody knows Mr. Whiteman and his band, for Mr. Whiteman is the high-priest of jazz, and his band is the band of the Palais Royal. As for Æolian Hall, a few of those who have fox-trotted to Mr. Whiteman's rhythms may have dimly heard of it as a far away place dedicated to "high-brow" music.

Yet now Mr. Whiteman and his Palais Royalists have invaded Æolian, and, tell it not in the Gath of the classicists, his concert proved the most stimulating event of the musical season. I won't say that by this concert Mr. Whiteman made jazz respectable; when that moment comes jazz will be stone dead. Jazz is in fact the Imp of the Unrespectable. He is an imp who is usually vulgar, sometimes vicious, but always vital. Often he thumbs his nose at the respectabilities, but he lives, and a nose-thumbing imp is more interesting than a respectable corpse. He was never more alive than at Mr. Whiteman's concert, and for all his lack of reverence and reticence, the ghosts of Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin never blinked an eyelash when after Victor Herbert's Suite and particularly after George Gershwin's *A Rhapsody in Blue* for piano and orchestra, the audience burst into long-sustained applause. There were kings before Agamemnon and there will be kings after him, and even if Mr. Herbert and Mr. Gershwin are not of the blood royal, who knows but what their descendants may be?

Yet the Devil's Advocate was present, as he always is. First he objected that the compositions were mostly in double time and that the rhythms were elemental. Perhaps so, but from the elemental things spring the great things. Then he objected that the melodic invention was puerile, that the tunes were the worn-out yearnings of Tin Pan Alley. This was in a large measure true—but not in the case of Mr. Gershwin's Rhapsody. Mr. Gershwin is a young man who has much yet to learn in the technique of orchestration, but he has a distinct melodic invention as well as a superb feeling for rhythm. His ideas are fresh and interestingly combined. He has a personality and he ought to have a future. His Rhapsody, for all its defects, was worth a dozen of the well made empty echoes of the past, which good-natured conductors occasionally produce as a duty toward native art. Aside from Stephen Foster, McDowell and a few slight talents such as Ethelbert Nevin, dullness has been the preponderating quality of American

HENRY HADLEY

Associate Conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, who has done much to put American compositions into the programmes of America's oldest orchestra

music. Mr. Whiteman's jazz concert was often vulgar, but it was never dull. To break the shell of a stifling convention violence is always necessary. Jazz is vital, vulgar, and—violent. When one musician thrust his clarinet into a derby hat, or when the trombone emitted a barbaric yawp, the effect was instantaneous. The genteel tradition in American music suddenly fell flat upon its back, and over its anæmic form towered the ponderously portentious bulk of Mr. Whiteman, a veritable mountain of jazz; and beyond his gigantic figure some of us caught a sight of what we believed was the promised land.

Frankly the doings that evening at Æolian Hall were more interesting than any of the month's doings at the Opera. Mr. Gatti-Casazza continued to keep his promises in giving performances with the best possible singers, and one of these, Frederick Schorr, proved as he did last year with the Wagnerian Opera Company, to be a singer quite out of the ordinary. His opening appearance as Wolfram in *Tannhauser* was masterly in its combination of a beautiful lyric voice with true bel canto. Mr. Schorr's is not a particularly distinctive personality, but he is one of the few German singers—Miss Rethberg and Mme. Hempel are two others—who knows really how to sing. His Hans Sachs was nearly equally effective, though he did not quite measure up to the dramatic possibilities of Telramund and Kurwenal.

The month was enlivened by the departure of Mme. Barbara Kemp after a quarrel with the Metropolitan's management. Mme. Kemp came to America last year with an enormous German reputation, a reputation which she did not sustain here except in her impersonation of the Mona Lisa, in Max Schillings' opera of that name. Mr. Schillings, who is also Mme. Kemp's husband, is the General Director of the Berlin State Opera, and he arrived in New York with his wife, in order, to use his own words, to "cement good musical relations between Germany and the United States." He proved about as successful as most German diplomats. Finding that Mme. Kemp was not happy at the Metropolitan he agreed to allow Signor Gatti-Casazza to issue an announcement to the effect that Mme. Kemp was returning to Germany because of illness. The next day, however, he repented of this announcement, and calling the reporters to his apartment declared that his wife wasn't ill at all, and that Signor Gatti had practically forced her out. This brought a reply from Signor Gatti himself, who gave a history of the case and made some very subtle but none the less caustic remarks about Herr Schillings. Thereupon Herr Schillings and Mme. Kemp returned to Berlin. Mme. Kemp will not be particularly missed, nor will Herr Schillings' opera, except for Michael Bohnen's remarkable impersonation of the husband.

The only novelty of the month was Massenet's *Le Roi de Lahore*. It took just forty-seven years for this work to reach the stage of the Metropolitan. It would be foolish to assert that *Le Roi de Lahore* ought to be something that it isn't. It is a sonorous, rather empty opera of the school of Meyerbeer, well made, as is everything of Massenet; replete with resounding choruses and fitted to a picturesque story which, however, is lacking in ordinary humanity. Sung by French artists it might possess a certain quality which it certainly did not possess at the

(*Continued on page* 58)

© *Mishkin*

NANETTE GUILFORD

whose dashing personality and rich voice have made her a worthy member of the company of Musettas who have sung at the Metropolitan

FRIEDRICH SCHORR

A brilliant legacy to the Metropolitan from the defunct Wagnerian Opera Company, this Hungarian barytone possesses a beautiful voice combined with a mastery of *bel canto*, rare among Wagnerian artistes

EVA GAUTHIER

All who love the curious and exotic in song recitals welcome every opportunity of hearing this interesting French-Canadian soprano

Apeda

MIECZYSLAW MUNZ

This young Pole already has proved himself a worthy compatriot of the great pianists of the land of Paderewski

Apeda

ANNE MARIE SOFFRAY

who has been a pioneer in bringing the European method of Solfege to this country and who, as both instructress and recitalist, has proved one of the most brilliantly gifted of the metropolitan pianists

© *Kubey-Rembrandt*

HANS KINDLER

Holland was his birthplace, America his adopted country, but the beauty of his cello has endeared him to all lands

MELPOMENE'S NEW PRIESTS AND PRIESTESSES

Some Reasons Why the Present Season Has Proved Rich in Musical Joys

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

Henrietta Crosman and Nance O'Neil—Miss Ring Reminisces—More New Acts

By BLAND JOHANESON

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

THE constant interchange of hostages between the legitimate and the two-a-day finds vaudeville more and more the worse for the retaliation. How can a Lowell Sherman and a Sam Shipman conspire to replace a Tom Patricola; a Fritzi Ridgeway or a Mildred Harris fill the void created by the departure of one Eddie Conrad for the film studios? Still these impossibilities are essayed with sanguinary enthusiasm, and the muscle-bound beauty of the Hand-to-Hand Polaks or the disturbing pedal symphonies of the High-brown Hoofers are interrupted by a legion of Hazel Dawns, or Marjorie Rambeaus in slap-dash dramatic cream-puffs which ooze moral lessons and curdle the wholesome fare of low-brow entertainment.

Henrietta Crosman, for instance, like the classic Mulligan-and-Mulligan-from-the-west, has done her "level best" to give vaudeville what she believed it wanted, and accomplished one of the most remarkably flat anti-climaxes into which a playlet ever resolved itself. With the inevitable Montague and Capulet angle, the incident of an actress' son loving the daughter of an old flame which had failed, Miss Crosman has a play of certain winning qualities, an opportunity to unleash an arresting Irish accent, and to rustle the becoming taffetas of long ago. But when her arch cleverness finally unites the young lovers and even a senile revival of her own romance seems imminent, a man rushes down the aisle of the theatre bellowing the sensational command: "Go into your dance," or some such vulgarity. Whereupon Miss Crosman is launched into a lachrymose apology for her own High Art, which concludes with the pitiful inquiry, "Now you do like me, vaudeville, even if I am an old favorite" (applause) "who played Sweet Kitty Bellairs" (applause) "and can't sing any jazz songs" (cheers). The curtain descends upon the touching beauty of this tribute and on come the Dizzy Donovans.

Miss Crosman's mistake was not in playing upon the emotions of her audience by illegitimate means, but by doing it without the clowning which is vaudeville's cue for the recognition of applesauce. A music hall customer is happy to be engulfed in the conventional pomme purée, but he wants to be let in on the operation. He knows why the orchestra plays loud "bow-music," and just when the comedian is going to sit on the marble bench which is painted on the olio. But unless Miss Crosman gives him the familiar high-sign he is too polite to laugh at her ludicrous sentimental epilogue.

NANCE O'NEIL, the tragedienne, following closely upon the lighter footsteps of Miss Crosman, asks no quarter of her audience, but treads the path of an unfaithful wife in an insinuating frou-frou of chiffon with her familiar heaviness. *All the World's a Stage,* a playlet by Alfred Sutro, reveals a high crime in the Shaftesbury Avenue household of a dramatic critic, and permits his wife to entertain his friend while he is at the theatre, by leaning over the back of that gentleman's chair and rubbing her hands across his shirt-front. Miss O'Neil has no gift for such Bordoni business. The hysterical eagerness of her maturity makes the whole scene somewhat brutal, and her rage when her lover announces his intention of marrying a rival and resigning his ungrateful position of "friend of the family" is stormy and completely humorless.

Mr. Sutro intends to show what a low ilk the dramatic critics really are, for despite a trade familiarity with "the eternal triangle" the poor soul is unable to recognize even the hypotenuse in his own home, and accepts his wife's trickery with a hearty laugh at her cleverness. The wife's reform is sufficiently unconvincing to save the play from mawkishness, and it serves as a plausible enough excuse for exhibiting to the benighted the more legitimate talents and charms of a dramatic star, which is as much as any bookers expect of a vaudeville "sketch."

OLGA COOK, the pretty blonde soprano who made such a hit in *Blossom Time,* and Eric Zardo, the concert pianist, have combined their impressive gifts in a program which is completely delightful. There is a polish and distinction in their presence, an authority in their music, which raise their act far above any others in its field. Their's is not the freak elegance of the occasional hyper-refined vaudevillian which bills itself as "the distinguished" something or other, and comes out on the stage to emit a flood of questionable broad a's. Since we must have high art in the music-halls, let it at least be as authentic as that of Cook and Zardo.

HAD an unknown team attempted to put over the act newly offered by Blanche Ring and Charles Winninger, the lowly try-out audiences wherein the raspberry still flourishes would have risen to their feet and demanded the immediate functioning of "the hook." And the bookers probably would have turned thumbs down on the team and consigned it to the lions. But because the perpetrators were the truly beloved Ring and Winninger, the poor old trick trombone, the comic stepladder, the confetti snowstorm once more were allowed to make their feeble bids for laughs. And the *Day at a Studio,* which was intended to hilariously mark the début of an old German trombonist as musical accompanist to the star's heavy emotional scenes, repassed without too great a strain upon the risibilities.

Miss Ring, fortunately, subsequently made peace with a repetition of her old song hits.

TECHNICALLY eligible to that useless, pitiful and often sickening category "stage children," the Griffin Twins, hailed as "the Prince Charmings of vaudeville," distinguish themselves as two child entertainers, who really entertain—graceful, sensationally expert little dancers with an instinct for comedy, and a modest sense of proportion. The unimaginative, untroubled by potentialities, will find them highly amusing. And even a confirmed detester of "wonder kiddies" cannot fail to respond to their talent, manliness, and charm.

DISCREDITED only by its own consistency which necessitates some very antique comedy, *The Antique Shop,* another aftermath of the craze for dance-production acts, enters the lists as very pleasant entertainment. Mr. Meyer Golden, who as vaudeville producer has ventured into the precarious realm of the

(*Continued on page* 56)

Muray

AMATA GRASSI

who comes to vaudeville with her exotic dances after two seasons in the loftier artistic company of Pavlowa and Bolm

Georg

TYRONE POWER

another distinguished legitimate star who contributes his talent to a new Keith act, is pictured here as Jean Valjean

Hixon

MARTHA GARDEL

a saucily bewitching member of the team of Gardel and Pryor who dances thus upon her toes with equal grace and skill

Morrison

HARRY WATSON, Jr.

The beloved comedian, whose pathetic and tragic bout of a third-rater continues to hold its high popular favor

Tornello

BIRD MILLMAN

once more won from the sawdust, the charming Queen of the Wire gives her amazing performances in the air of the music halls

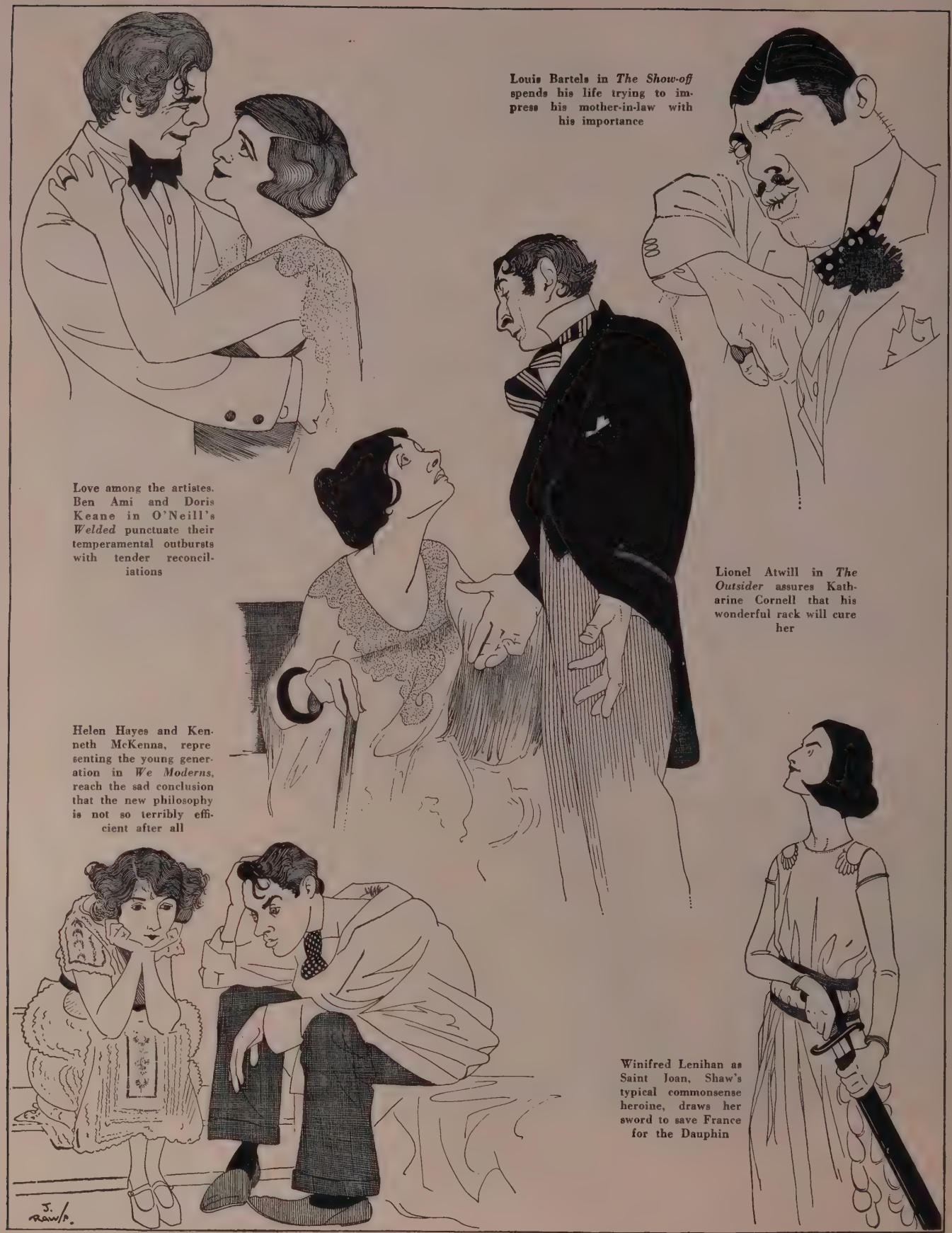
National

G. S. MELVIN

The English comedian makes a captivating boy scout and in Keith theatres does his "good act" twice daily

THE INFINITE VARIETY

Humor, Grace, the Acrobatic, the Dramatic, Unite to Furnish Bright Diversion in the Two-a-Day



Louis Bartels in *The Show-off* spends his life trying to impress his mother-in-law with his importance

Love among the artistes. Ben Ami and Doris Keane in O'Neill's *Welded* punctuate their temperamental outbursts with tender reconciliations

Lionel Atwill in *The Outsider* assures Katharine Cornell that his wonderful rack will cure her

Helen Hayes and Kenneth McKenna, representing the young generation in *We Moderns*, reach the sad conclusion that the new philosophy is not so terribly efficient after all

Winifred Lenihan as Saint Joan, Shaw's typical commonsense heroine, draws her sword to save France for the Dauphin

J. Rawls.

SEEN IN THE PASSING SHOW

High Lights in the More Important End-of-the-Season Productions

Sketches by J. Rawls

Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

AGAIN there is a juggling of the critics due to the latest spring offensive by Journalism's Terror, FRANK MUNSEY. STEPHEN RATHBUN, for many years "The Playgoer" of the *Evening Sun,* was made assistant to GILBERT GABRIEL, its music critic, who—to make room for the veteran music critic, WILLIAM J. HENDERSON—thus suddenly and most unexpectedly became a dramatic reviewer. Gabriel's eminence lasted but one night however—which is a world record, even for Munsey—for the day following Gabriel's review of *Macbeth,* Munsey put the *Herald* out of business, and ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT was thrust onto the *Sun,* displacing Gabriel, who thus returned to his symphonies and arias under Henderson. As a matter of fact, an effort was made to shunt Woollcott, formerly of the *Herald,* to the *Telegram-Mail,* but that critic balked at what would be practical retirement from the sort of reader he caters to, and compromised with the *Sun,* none too happy a home for Alex's style of stuff.

JOSEPH URBAN, the artist whose scenic creations have for many years rejoiced patrons of as divergent establishments as the Metropolitan Opera House and the Ziegfeld *Follies* and who now also enriches picture productions sponsored by Mr. Hearst, has just come a cropper in the business world as a result of misplaced trust. Urban, while in Vienna immediately following the war, was anxious to assist his impoverished artist compatriots to the extent of helping them sell their wares in New York. He got together the most important group of modernists and contracted to purchase a large quantity of their art products—pictures, pottery, statuary, hangings and furniture—for exclusive sale by him in the United States. He paid cash for all the stuff and opened a shop on Fifth Avenue called by him the "Wiener Werkstaette," and gave a great deal of time to putting across the ultra-modern wares it offered. No sooner was Urban started on his mission of aid, however, than the very artists he had wished to befriend betrayed their arrangement with him as their sole representative and sold at cheaper prices to other American purchasers, mainly from the big department stores, who are always eager to buy novelties. The result has been a big loss to Urban, who has finally had to close the place and steel his heart against further idealistic efforts of the sort.

If the radio has done anything it has made manifest that screen stars should remain on the screen and not endeavor to woo their public further with a stammered press-agent "talk" into a microphone. Even the most exalted—ranging from actors as prominent as DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and directors like D. W. GRIFFITH have earned themselves hearty, though unheard, raspberries from thousands upon thousands of listeners-in who had another idol shattered by the commonplaceness of their utterance and the dullness of their delivery. And as for the stage funny men who have tried to make good their reputations as comics over the air—*wow!* The only intelligent rule being made manifest is don't talk to a radio audience unless you really HAVE something to say. Chatting bunk by way of publicity is a cruel boomerang.

The success of *Fata Morgana* and *Grounds for Divorce,* the one at the Theatre Guild's Garrick, the other on the road under the auspices of the Frohman Company, has brought their author, ERNEST VAJDA, into the dramatic limelight over here, and the usual questions are being heard concerning him. His brother, VICTOR VOYDA (who spells his name as it should be pronounced), is in this country managing vaudeville acts, and tells me that Ernest's fame came to him first in Budapest, of which town he is a native, as a result of his adaptation of what he alleged to be a successful American play, but which was in reality his own original. The trick was resorted to because the local managers had become disinterested in reading Vajda's scripts, and when he wrote what he considered to be the best thing he had ever done, he hesitated to show it to them as his own for fear of prejudicing them against it. He, therefore, had his brother Victor mail him an English translation of his play from New York with a letter saying that the enclosure was the biggest hit of the day. Vajda offered to "adapt it" for them! The scheme worked; the Budapest managers "bit"; the play—called *Confession*—was a great success, and not until some argument arose in Germany over the film rights did Vajda admit that it was an Hungarian play—his own and not an American. Incidentally he had given the name "Sidney Garrick" as that of the supposed American author, and he preserved that name as his own *nom-de-plume* for some time after.

Speaking again of the precipitate decease of the *Herald,* a story ran along the street the evening of the demise that gave many a laugh in theatre lobbies. The morning papers had been full of the sale by Munsey of the famous Bennett organ, and journalistic offices were filled with sorrowing tales of hundreds of old-timers thrown out of work with three-fifths of a week's pay. The event was a true tragedy, disturbing cruelly the affairs and fortunes of workers and correspondents the world over. But on the afternoon of the *débâcle,* with the news of what had happened well in the air, the city room of the defunct *Herald* was crowded, and writers and special men and reporters and editors clearing out their desks and giving veteran typewriters over to the junk heap. Into the midst of all this strolled a dapper lad—a stranger—who proceeded to the desk of the sorrowing managing editor and said in tones loud enough to prostrate the entire ex-staff, "Well, chief, how about my getting a little job around here?" The answer of the editor could not safely be included in columns eager to remain friendly with the postoffice!

Credit—or shall we say discredit—has freely been given to JAKE SHUBERT for the nude young things that animated his review, *Artists and Models,* and the New York police. As a matter of fact, the daring sagacity that made a big hit out of what looked like a big flop on the road was that of J. C. HUFFMAN, general stage director for the Shuberts. Huffman, during rehearsal, had been striving madly to make some sort of effect out of the opening chorus. Everything about it annoyed him, nothing more than the costumes—floppy what-nots of tulle that were apparently without color or meaning. Suddenly inspired, Huffman—so it is reported by my spies—rushed toward the line of girls and tore, with great fury, the dress from one of them, and proceeded down the line doing likewise to all of them by way of expressing his opinion of them. Standing off for a moment he perceived the result, and simultaneously with Jake Shubert he cried, "Let's leave it that way!" And so it came to pass that New York was shocked with a chorus of nakedness.

A bibulous director of a play being tried out of town returned from lunch when matinée was on. As he sat in the rear, and the effect of the grape mounted, he became oblivious of the audience's presence. Suddenly he arose and, as though at rehearsal, roared out at an actor: "For God's sake, let's have that speech again and let's have it right this time." The flabbergasted players paused and the audience stared. Instantly the producer came to his senses. Quickly he assured the audience that he was so keen on their seeing the piece played properly that he would, with their permission, treat the performance as a rehearsal.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

Photos, Wiebmer

A NEW AND SIMPLIFIED SETTING FOR "THE MIKADO"

The colorful Gilbert and Sullivan Opera, always a favorite with amateur groups, was produced by the Mechanic Arts High School of St. Paul in a manner that set aside tradition and proved a grateful change from the cluttered stage of the usual *Mikado* production. The first act (*top*) was set with light colored drapes before a series of flats painted as a Japanese screen, the whole flooded with canary lighting. The second act (*bottom*) called for more architectural units, which were kept as simple as consistent with the suggestion of Japanese motifs. The costumes were keyed in the same rich simplicity as the sets, which were worked out under the supervision of Ralph E. Smalley

The Banishment of Cordelia—an impressive setting for *King Lear*, sketched and designed by Mr. Jack Crawford of the Yale University Dramatic Association for their production of Shakespeare's tragedy

The Yale University Dramatic Association

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE Yale University Dramatic Association was founded twenty-five years ago by Harry D. Westcott, of the class of 1899. Its avowed purpose was twofold: first, to produce only plays of literary merit; second: out of such plays, to select those that were seldom seen on the professional stage. It was believed both by the students in the organization and by the faculty, that the production of undergraduate musical-comedies and burlesques was in itself not worth doing, and that the time, energy, and expense involved were thrown away, so that the better such a show could be produced, the worse was it for all concerned.

The ideals of the Association have been kept steadily in mind. In the long list of productions, let it be remembered that Gogol's *Revizor* was given for the first time in English on any stage; which is true also of Ibsen's *Pretenders,* Goldoni's *The Fan* and some others. Tennyson's *Harold,* which William Archer believes to be his masterpiece, had its world *première* on the Yale Campus. Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* came near to being the first American performance, and it undoubtedly was the first for the audience. H. T. Parker, the distinguished dramatic critic of the Boston *Transcript,* traveled to New Haven from Boston to see that, as he did to see the Yale performances of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* and Shakespeare's *King Lear,* and in all three cases he devoted a page of the Boston paper to an enthusiastic review.

THE Yale students are fortunate in having as their Director Mr. Edgar Montillion Woolley (B. A. Yale and M. A. Harvard), who has an extraordinary talent both for production and for dealing with the individual student. When he was an undergraduate, his acting in Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple* was a revelation.

Although the acting of the students suffers in comparison with that of professionals, notably in the rôles of women, the Association has one great advantage. All its actors are young and in group scenes, where armies and hosts of attendants are required, it can put on the stage an unlimited number of graceful, slender, athletic youths, who delight the eye; and who remind one by contrast of the horrible, clumsy, fat "soldiers" usually seen in Shakespeare's armies in the professional theatre. When Yale produced, for the first time in America, the *Rhesus* of Euripides, the grace and agility of the young actors made an artistic picture that will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to see it.

IT is the policy of the Association to give a light play at the Junior Promenade festivities in February, and a literary masterpiece on the Campus in June. But even when the play is "light," it is a real play, not a show or burlesque, and therefore demanding fine shades of acting, and skill in production. This February, 1924, the Association chose Mr. Knoblock's play, *The Faun;* I did not see this on the professional stage, but those who saw both the professional and the Yale performances, proclaimed the superiority of the latter. Frank Day Tuttle, Jr., who took the leading rôle, quite amazed the audience by his virtuosity; and the minor parts, under the skilful direction of Mr. Woolley, were exceedingly well done. In the coming New York performance, at the Heckscher Memorial Theatre, the latter part of March, the students do not wish *The Faun* to be taken as so illustrative of their aims and their prowess as Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* or Shakespeare's *Lear;* but, with due modesty, they await confidently an appraisal of their skill and finesse in the art of acting.

The Princeton Theatre Intime

A Unique College Dramatic Group

By H. F. BAER

IN the center of the Princeton University campus stands a little building described aptly by one of the ornate catalogues that are issued every year as a sonnet in stone. Murray-Dodge Hall is English Gothic and is admirably suited to the main purpose for which it was originally intended—a chapel. In this brownstone, ivy-grown edifice which has long been the home of the university religious society, and the house of daily chapel, there exists one of the unique dramatic organizations of the country.

Five years ago a group of undergraduates decided that while the Triangle Club was an admirable thing it did not, and of necessity could not, satisfy the theatrical needs of a college of such size and culture as Princeton. Accordingly performances of original plays were given to invited guests in a little room in the tower of the gymnasium. The movement naturally grew and developed and in the short space of a year a theatre was imperative. Strangely enough, the only place possible was this same Murray-Dodge Hall. A stage was installed, the best of lights were put in, and, largely due to individual subscription, a really admirable though small theatre was the result. Since that time the growth of the Theatre Intime has surpassed that of any other extra-curriculum activity on the campus.

No Morris Gest was necessary to turn this theatre into a cathedral for the benefit of a "Miracle"; on the contrary, a tiny cathedral had to be transformed into the auditorium of a theatre. The seats are still pews and the windows, which are covered for matinées, are slenderly pointed. Overhead the delicate, strong tracery of the supporting ribs give a sensation of height that deepens the religious impression upon which the Gothic always insists. Fortunately there was an inclined floor and admirable acoustics so that the builder's job was easy. The entire basement has been cut up into a workshop, dressing, property and costume rooms.

THERE are several features of the organization which are perhaps true of no other college club in the country. The first of these is that there is no supervision of any kind. The faculty attends the performances *en masse,* but there is no overseeing of production, nor are there any paid directors, secretaries or carpenters. In other words, undergraduates do everything that is done. Every stick of scenery is made in the basement of the building where it is used. Every play is directed by an undergraduate and practically every play is written by an undergraduate. The Theatre Intime differs from any other amateur college group in the country in this respect. Out of courtesy to requests of the faculty a few plays such as *Samson Agonistes* and *Œdipus Rex* have been staged in the past few years, but the general policy is the presentation of original work. The Intime presents during the course of a school year eight bills of one-act, and full lengths plays. The average in the past has been about six one-act plays to one three-act or full length play. This enables the production of two bills of three short plays, and then one longer one. This policy has been found to work admirably and gives ample opportunity for the undergraduate would-be playwright to try his youthful work on a very critical audience.

DURING the first years of the club's existence no admission was charged, and invitations were issued. However, so great an interest was evinced that a nominal sum was charged and the doors were thrown open to the public. Moreover this policy was necessitated by the fact that the productions began to be very elaborate and the officers did not wish to depend upon private subscription.

Membership is open to all undergraduates and competitions are held in the various departments: acting, scenery, lighting, property, and business. The Intime is thus enabled to offer opportunities for acting to about eighty men in the course of a year, whereas, the Triangle Club cast has never included more than ten men. Last year the club took the radical step of using women in female rôles. Although few other college clubs do this, the Intime has found that the practice adds greatly to the sincerity of a

(*Continued on page* 66)

© *Photo Lewis*

Lighting plays an important part in the production of Dunsany's "Night at an Inn," and the Princeton Theatre Intime made the most of their opportunities in this scene from their production of the play.

The Promenades of Angelina

Sketches by Charles LeMaire

I DID the Spring openings of the big establishments last month, though too late to tell you about them in the April number . . I think, however, you will still like to hear of their fashion information, won't you?

The most extreme simplicity . . embroideries . . buttons . . those three things, it seems to me, characterize the important types of the new mode . . That is, amplifying, a frock will be as simple as it seems never to have been simple before . . *la ligne seulement* . . and nothing more . . or it will be rich with embroideries . . or rich with button trimming . . Buttons in long lines, buttons in patterns . . Buttons are the last word, and Paris, they say, has gone quite mad about them . . so much so, that though they are just arriving over here, they will probably shortly be somewhat common. The buttons preferred are of the flat white pearl variety . . "underclothing buttons," as the head designer at one Fifth Avenue house characterized them . . She was showing a French model at the time, and said in connection with it "that has probably the fewest buttons of any of the button models . . only five dozen on that." She wasn't very partial to the new idea, evidently. Me, I'm rather taken with it myself . . if it doesn't go too strong.

Carlotta Monterey wears a hat of the newer type, which offers a change from the heretofore omnipresent cloche. It is of brown Milan, faced with maize crêpe to match the ribbon and coque feathers. Miss Monterey's blouse is made from a unique scarf of red and brown

The models that are the simplest are considered as also the smartest by the big houses, and emphasized as such . . long-waisted slender tops, and long sleeves, with different arrangements of apron panels, and pleated frills at the lower line, much as we have been seeing them lately. Some of these simplicities are quite nice, but others will become as savorless, in a short time, I prophecy, as a woman of one idea . . Molyneux's model in mastique crêpe de Chine was the loveliest of this simple type, with its plain, three-quarter top and long, close-fitting sleeves, and its two shaped flounces of wide lace dyed in the same mastique tone as the frock. A monotone, but not monotonous, symphony! One house shows a narrow scarf of the crêpe with lace end-borders tied around the low hip-line in a graceful bow at one side. And another has made this sash separate, and it is worn as a scarf hanging straight down over either shoulder. I liked, too, the simple models of crêpe that have the long waistline and are held in very tight and trim about the hips in a wide band, over which the top blouses slightly, and beneath which is a short and fullish skirt. These too had long sleeves and looked for all the world like little girls' frocks . . which always pleases me.

Still getting away from the cloche, Miss Monterey sponsors a tiny poke of *café au lait* straw, faced with pale coral which matches a bouquet of coral silk rosebuds. Both the hats worn by Miss Monterey come from a distinguished Fifth Avenue house famous for its hats

Embroidery on frocks continues to assume new forms. Here a slip of henna-colored crêpe has its tubular tunic made of soft, rich, all-over diamond-patterned embroidery in tones blending with the henna. It is one of the most charming models that a Fifth Avenue house displays

As to the embroidered frocks, there are new touches about them, of course, which stamp them as of the spring rather than the winter, but they fall under no general heading . . each is individual and needs its own special description, which would take up too much space here. The top sketch on page 44 will give you an idea of one of the most charming of these frocks where embroidery is featured. If one could generalize about them at all it might be said that anything that was original or novel in the way of embroidery goes . . is smart . . But it must be different in some way from what we have been seeing . .

In which connection I fell upon a little adventure which may amuse you . . Someone told me that of all the peasant embroideries the least known in this country were the Serbian, and that they were also among the most beautiful and varied. This same someone also told me that there was a young Serbian at an address over on the West Side who had recently come from Belgrade, and brought with him some of these embroideries . . I took Fanny as chaperone and artistic guide . . it was just before she sailed for Europe . . and we went over to the address after first making an appointment.

A little exhibition had been arranged for us, and the things turned out to be entirely as described . . The embroideries were stunning . . pieces of exquisite cross-stitching on hand-woven linens and cottons, unusual patterns such as we had not seen before . . and vivid embroideries in bold designs and bright colors, resembling in type some of the Russian embroideries which have been so popular this year with several of the big houses in Paris . . Fanny, who adores the primitive colorings, claimed that she went quite dizzy over the display . . She bought the most adorable baby's cap in crimson and blue and green cross-stitching, to be separated and applied cunningly to collar and sleeve trimming on a suit of navy mohair. Each of us bought, too, one of the full peasant aprons with borders of the brightest silk flowers and amusing lace edges, to be made into summer frocks according to ideas of our own. "You like theez *rough* colors?" remarked the young Serbian with the amusing and descriptive twist that a foreigner often gives to the English language.

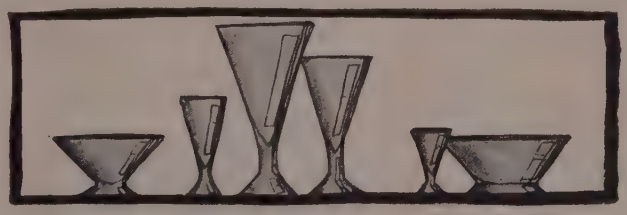
He was a very intelligent and attractive person . . a journalist formerly connected with one of the Belgrade papers . . and full of information on the subject of this needlework of his country . . After we had seen all there was to see, and purchased all we felt we could, we were invited to accept a cup of Turkish coffee . . "It is the custom in my country to offer it to all the visitors who come to the house," explained Monsieur le Serbe . . and Fanny and I nothing loath, he proceeded to grind the coffee in a lovely little old brass coffee mill, hand-wrought, and to cook it for us in the little Turkish pot of brass . . We were offered as well the favorite cigarettes of King Alexander of Serbia . . a present to the young Serbian . . cigarettes which Alexander has made especially for himself of a certain kind of tobacco, and each one of which is stamped in gold with the royal coat of arms . . Fanny was very much thrilled with that, and refused to consume her "smoke," saying she was going to save it as atmosphere for her cigarette case and *pour épater certaines bourgeoises* whom she has to encounter . . Me, I tried my cigarette and found its mild tobacco much to my taste . .

The Empire in modes is being revived in Paris. At least touches of it are, and a coat frock from the same house as the above tunic frock is of black reps with an Empire capelet in three tiers contrasted with a color

Odette Myrtil, the star of the new review, *The Vogues of 1924*, combined French taste with American merchandise to produce a charming Sunday evening dinner table of green and yellow crystal

So much for the frocks of the moment . .

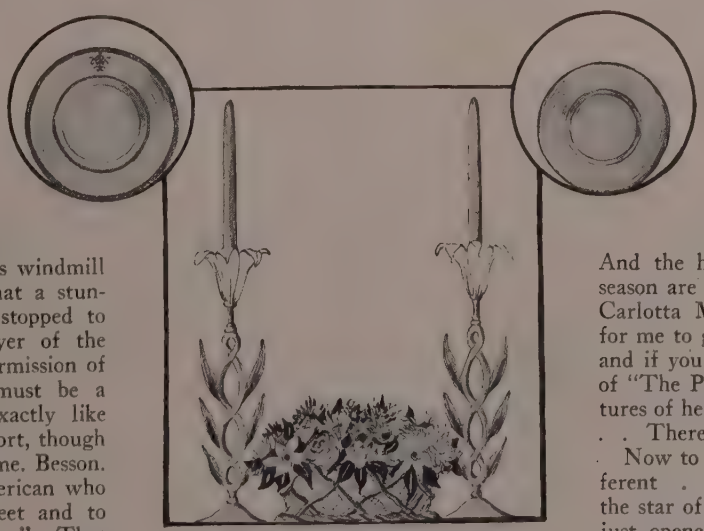
As to the hats, you know that the cloche we still have with us, and that *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* . . And yet, even with that, there are very decided tendencies away from the cloche in the past few weeks . . There are, for instance, turbans of ribbon and stuffs, with huge bows at one side, long ends of which droop down onto the shoulder. Elsie Ferguson is wearing such a hat in her new play, *The Moonflower*, as an accompaniment to a charmingly simple traveling frock of oyster grey crêpe de Chine, a luscious color. The hat is a close fitting turban of ribbon to match the grey of the frock, and a contrasting band of wide ribbon in a soft wood brown is drawn over the crown in front and knotted in a bow at the right side, while the ends hang below the shoulder line and make a striking relief against the face . .



A close-up of the crystal glasses, showing their different metamorphoses, sherbet and cocktail glass, goblet for water, glass for wine, for liqueur, and the ultimate finger bowl

Besides the ribbon turbans there are the tricorne shapes . . I mean the distinct tricornes and not the hybrid cloche and tricorne combinations which are neither the one thing nor the other, and which bore me a bit . . Likewise I have noticed that a modified mushroom shape which we have not seen for several seasons is being very much featured by some of the big Avenue shops lately and has appeared on the heads of a few smart women here and there, although it has hardly had time to get into general circulation as yet . .

Violet Besson, who is just back from her season over the Keith Circuit, is wearing a particularly chic and becoming hat of black Milan in a high-crowned cloche shape that is disguised by an enormous windmill bow of black satin . . "What a stunning hat!" I exclaimed as we stopped to chat for a moment in the foyer of the Belasco Theatre, during an intermission of *Laugh, Clown, Laugh.* "It must be a Lewis model . . it looks exactly like him." "No, it's not even an import, though it's a copy of one," answered Mme. Besson. "It was done for me by an American who has a place on Forty-sixth Street and to whom I go for all my hats . ." That interested me immensely . . because Violet Besson's hats are noted . . She has the reputation of never having worn a stupid hat in her life . .



The candlesticks on the table above, with their green glass branching stems and yellow lily cups, the newest mode in centerpieces, of gay colored glass flowers, and the crystal plates silver rimmed and silver monogrammed

"Tell me about this man," I said.

"Well, I consider him an absolute artist," said Mme. Besson. "Though he is an American he makes hats the way the French do, bit by bit, beginning with the frame and working and building up from that. You choose your model . . then you two work out the process together, step by step, and regarding the hat from every angle . . It is the only way to achieve a success. Once in a while you can walk right out in the original model, but as a rule there must be some modification, even though it may only be of the slightest, to make the thing look as if it were the hat ideally created for you . . "

As Mme. Besson, though English, was married to a Frenchman before she came to this country and lived in Paris all her young married life, playing at the Théâtre des Capucines, she speaks with authority, and what she said intrigued me enormously . . I made her give me the address, and I'm going there to have a hat "built" . . "Incidentally, Angelina," Mme. Besson concluded with a twinkle as the third act was called, "you'll find the gentleman a most charming person, though I don't suppose that means anything in the crowded hours of your young life."

Oh it doesn't, doesn't it? Now try and keep me away!

Of course there are women who are too busy socially or professionally to take the time to have a hat made in the manner of a frock, with fittings and all . . and for these women I would recommend a certain exclusive house on the Avenue . . Not inexpensive these creations. No . . But such a quality! And the hats that they are showing this season are the best looking I have seen . . Carlotta Monterey posed in two of them for me to give you an idea of their beauty, and if you will turn back to the first page of "The Promenades" you will see the pictures of her and the descriptions of the hats . . There . . Aren't they delightful!

Now to switch to something entirely different . . Tubby met Odette Myrtil, the star of *The Vogues of 1924*, which has just opened at the Shubert Theatre, and went into ecstasies about her . . He described her as three Mistinguetts, and two Spinellys, and half of Gertrude Lawrence, and a third of someone else . . I

don't remember . . only one gathered from his remarks that he didn't think so badly of the lady . .

The night *The Vogues* opened he took me round to Miss Myrtil's dressing-room to introduce me and then I joined at once in his chant of admiration . . We both received an invitation to come to a little dinner at her apartment the following Sunday . .

There were only four in the party . . but what an exquisite little table had been laid for us . . First of all there were the most fascinating candlesticks of clear

In *The Vogues of 1924* the chic Odette Myrtil is wearing this most demure and entrancing of chapeaux. It is covered in black satin, has a black lace voilette, and the contrasting white of a camellia

green crystal glass stems ending in yellow glass lilies, which held pale yellow candles . . There was a centrepiece of glass in many bright colors, but showing the same touch of green and yellow as the candlesticks . . There were lovely green glasses in funnel shape, but in three sizes, for the water, the white wine, and the liqueur, and our cocktails were served in green crystal cocktail glasses to match . . There were finger bowls and plates in green crystal, and some perfectly stunning ones in plain crystal with silver rims and adorable silver monograms . .

One touch of the dinner may interest you and that was the little fruit knives and forks that appeared with the fruit . . The handles were of some brilliant crimson composition and the blades and tines of silver gilt, and they made the most fetching bits of color with the fruit . . I can hear some one of you saying . . "Fruit forks? A fruit knife, yes; but why a fruit fork?" Well, that's a foreign custom . . Foreigners do not consider it *comme il faut* to take fruit in the fingers to peel . . they always impale it on a fork . . Mother usually serves fruit forks at home, as Father is English, and she was brought up abroad, but I rarely encounter the custom anywhere else in this country. Tubby had, of course, to make comments on everything . . he wouldn't be Tubby if he didn't . . But, someway he gets away with it . . I suppose because he has a frank and engaging method of expressing his admiration . . And, presently I heard Miss Myrtil tell him that she had purchased all the lovely glass table decorations and service . . the candlesticks, the centrepiece, the various plates and glasses (as you may see them on the previous page) right here in New York at a certain shop . . It was one of my pet shops too, only I hadn't been in there

Make a note in your fashion book—it is the latest from Paris—that the feather boa for evening has returned to favor after many years. The more popular type of boa has only slightly curled flues and comes in all the bright colors

to look around for some time . . I resolved to do so the very next day . . which I did . .

Really if you want to find unusual and adorable decorations for the table you should go there. If I fancied the crystal glass as I saw it on Miss Myrtil's table, I fancied it even more as I saw the com-

For a dressing-room négligée Odette Myrtil has chosen from a petite *couturière* whom she has discovered a model of rose baronet satin, as practical as it is charming, trimmed with swansdown dyed in the same rose shade

plete collection on the shelves and tables of the shop . . Plates and dishes and glasses of such heavenly shades of topaz and crimson and purple and blue, besides the green already seen . . As far as the glasses are concerned I never want to drink out of anything else . . They make even water seem inspiriting . . and a cocktail or wine becomes double strength. There's economy for you!

A few days after our Sunday dinner party I dropped into Miss Myrtil's dressing-room at matinée time, and found her

Another hat worn by Miss Myrtil in the new *Vogues* is of white felt with black velvet rim, a border of crystal buttons, a flowing white aigrette with a black jet arrow

in the most attractive of dressing robes, of which I must tell you . . It was simple, and yet so *chic* . . of deep rose baronet satin, with bands of swansdown, dyed the same shade, round the neck and sleeves, and a trick with the material at the waist that pulled it into the present slender hipline. She bought it for a song, she said, from a little French *couturière,* whom she discovered . .

"I chose the rose," added Miss Myrtil, "because it was the best for me . . but you should see the delicate ones in pure white, or the palest of flesh tints, which had been made up with one eye on the June bride . . Mm! They looked good enough to eat . . There was a lovely one in green, too!"

When Miss Myrtil had gone out onto the stage for her final entrance, her maid slipped me into the robe to see how I would look, and I distinctly liked myself . . The thing had such an air it could almost have served for a summer evening wrap . . I told myself I would order one in the green of which Miss Myrtil spoke . . And I almost decided to accept Tubby's standing invitation to marry him, so that I could come to breakfast Sunday mornings showing it off, and wearing gold and green brocade mules, and jade earrings and necklace . .

Just then Miss Myrtil came back . . dressed in a smart tailleur . . sprayed herself with some French scent from a tiny French gilt pocket atomizer, with a turquoise top (write and ask me more about it) and we went out to tea at The Ritz.

(*For the prices of any of the articles mentioned in this article, and the names of the shops where they may be found, write Angelina, Care* THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th St., New York City.*)

LES POUDRES DE COTY

Individuality—the rarest attribute of charm—finds its true expression in the COTY Powders. *The tones of the* Face Powder, *subtly varying for each type, the lasting fragrances of all* COTY Powders, *are specially designed to accentuate the fascinating differences of personality*

"THE ART OF USING POWDER"
a brochure for the intensification of beauty and individuality—on request
COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

New Compacte *Talcum* *Facé Powder*

THE FACE POWDER AND COMPACTE —ARE IN NINE TRUE SHADES— INCLUDING THE NEW "OCRE—ROSÉ

EXQUISITELY EMPHASIZING THE CHARM OF LOVELY WOMEN

COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY COTY, INC.

Don't breathe a word of this; but just listen . .

You wouldn't discuss your personal affairs before servants

OF COURSE NOT! Such a thing is never done. No self-respecting girl would be guilty of so glaring an exhibition of bad taste.

But, though you would never do such a thing, are you sure you are as careful in everything?

Does your writing paper, for instance, indicate your familiarity with good breeding, style and correct social usage?

Your letters are *you*. They are a part of your social life. If your stationery is poor, trashy or out-of-style, no excuse will offset the judgment of your friends—the belief that you do not know any better.

There is no surer way of showing your knowledge of what is "the thing" than in your choice of letter paper. You cannot go wrong if you use Crane's Writing Papers or Eaton's Highland Linen. Crane's Writing Papers are the highest quality papers made and include every tint, finish and size sanctioned by good usage. Eaton's Highland Linen is lower in price but absolutely correct in style. Both are obtainable wherever good stationery is sold.

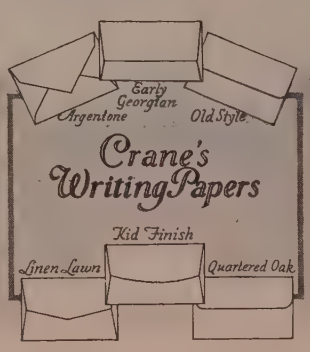
If you are not sure of some point in regard to social correspondence, write me. Or, if you wish, I'll send you my book on social correspondence with usable samples of Crane's Writing Papers or Eaton's Highland Linen, for 50 cents.

Caroline de Lancey

Address me in care of

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY

225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE THEATRE?

(*Continued from page* 12)

tually know their business. Directors frequently stage plays which they know are inferior, and attempt to make audiences believe that the stage-puppets are realistic, and I think that this is a serious matter, and constitutes point four of the indictment, namely, that where directors' talents are unworthily applied, and surely that is often, there is certainly something wrong in theatredom.

Fifth: the scenic artists. Are there any? Well, yes, a few, but oh, how seldom are they really permitted to fulfill their function of doing what their title implies—— How can they, when nine-tenths of the plays on which they work are in themselves inartistic? That is, in the few instances in which scenic artists are called in at all. The more usual method of procedure is to go to Cain's store-house, take out the sets that were employed in the second act of *The Rose of Beluchistan,* and the third act of some defunct opera company's production of *The Tales of Hoffman,* repaint the worn-out spots, and use it as a drawing-room set for *The Wrong Woman,* a new melodrama of today by Julius Bugflower. Yes, I fear that no matter whose name appears on the program as having designed the scenery, in nine cases out of ten, the actual scenic artist is Cain's store-house. Scenic artists—real ones—dare not let their imaginations run riot in a world of beauty, for that method has an unfortunate way of costing money, and Cain's is a constant temptation to managers. It is easier and safer to make the scenic designs just a little cheaper, and, therefore, probably just a little bit less worthy, for even scenic artists must live, or believe they must.

WHY PROFESSIONAL CRITICS?

SIXTH: Critics. I make this portion of my accusation with considerable relish, being an actor. Is a critic's excuse for living the plea that he seeks to improve the theatre? Then he should be instantly slaughtered, for the theatre is not improving. If you think it is, let me point out the giants of old among the Greeks, French, English—what nation you will—and contrast them with the pigmies of today. No, the critics cannot say they are improving the stage. Are they then improving the public? Apparently not, for the public supports bad plays and execrable performers with the same readiness it always has, and allows fine plays, such as *Launzi,* to die of malnutrition. No, it seems to me that the purpose in life which the critics seem to have discovered for themselves, to judge by their methods, is to be witty at all costs. Cheaply witty sometimes, but witty. True, there are cruel folk who insist that critics do but hide their lack of wits under their wit, but the benefit of the doubt may be granted. Wit, then. Occasional smiles—not laughs; laughs are healthy and go deep down to the nature of us all—but merely smiles, smiles forced from weary lips that long for firmer shapes to take—this is the only justification which the kindest indulgence can offer critics of today.

Seventh, and last: the public—YOU. The easiest branch of all to cover with the stigma of probable guilt, for it is all your fault, public, all of it; the misbehavior of every agent all along the line from managers to critics, to actors, to authors is all due to you, for you could put a stop to it if you wished. But you evidently don't wish, or very few of you do, and these valiant few may be outnumbered. Point seven: surely, surely, as regards the public, there is something wrong with the theatre.

THE THEATRE'S REPLY

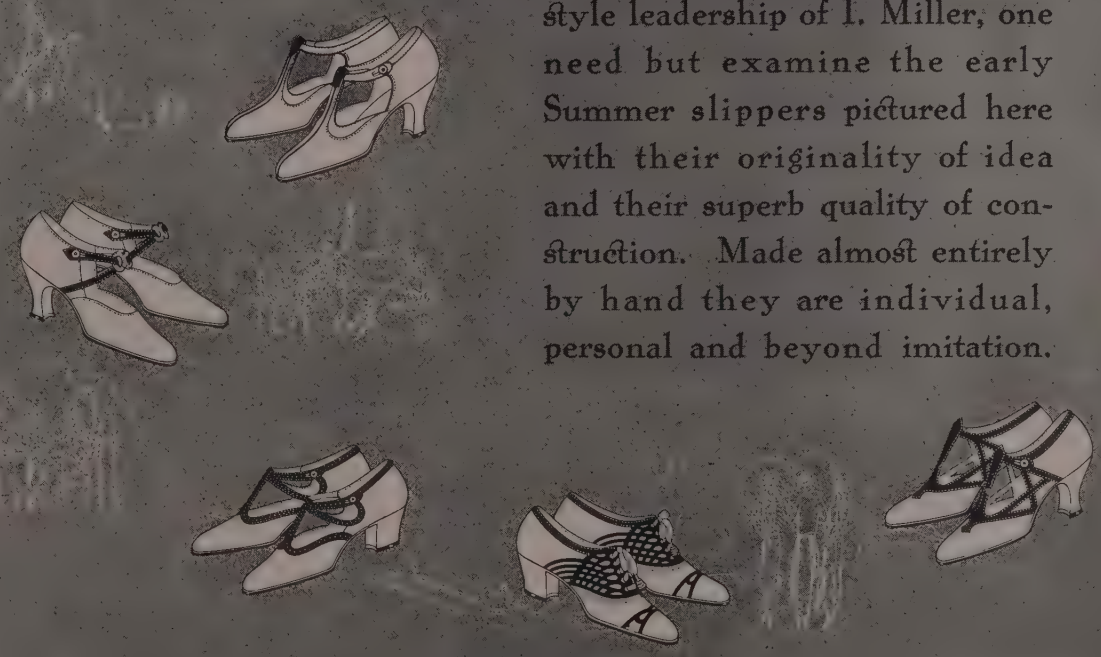
A BRIEF pause for breath before considering remedies. First, let us ask the theatre in the very same inelegant dialect which it is trying to make its own: "Theatre! How did you get that way?" And let us picture it ashamed of itself, forgetting its vulgarity, and replying:

"I"— the theatre is replying—"became what I am by a long and involved process. I was born in religious brains. I was the expression of the deepest beliefs, the sincerest prayers, of the noble race of old Greece, and I was, too, the means of being an object lesson to all who were in danger of abandoning those beliefs, and losing faith in the efficacy of those prayers. Kings were my central figures—kings who nearly overcame the immortal gods in mortal combat—kings who finally fell because they possessed some single human trait that showed them to be human. Aristotle discovered a purpose in me—a noble purpose, and one deserving of my high birth—to purge the human heart of unworthy feelings by the example of a fellow mortal living, suffering and dying before people exactly like himself. Today I am being dominated by morons, labor unions and real estate promoters.

"Later"—the theatre continues—"when the Dark Ages had for a time concealed me, I sprang back into the light through the offices of the clergy who used me for the same reason for which I was born—to express their beliefs in clear and plastic form. They wheeled me about on huge floats from town to town, and the populace greeted me wildly as they saw me assume the form of beliefs that the Greeks knew not. And as my usefulness in this respect grew, and the people took me ever nearer to their affection, I expanded, and gave birth to a race of *impovisatori,* who by their spontaneous and unrivalled mimicry of human failings, aroused holy laughter. Gay days—joyous days, with the people of the world joining

Early Summer Slippers

Should one wonder why the footwear industry follows the style leadership of I. Miller, one need but examine the early Summer slippers pictured here with their originality of idea and their superb quality of construction. Made almost entirely by hand they are individual, personal and beyond imitation.



I. MILLER
Beautiful Shoes

Fifth Avenue *at 46th Street*
15 West 42nd Street *Near Fifth Avenue*
1554 Broadway *Open Until 9 P. M.*
498 Fulton Street *Cor. of Bond, Brooklyn*

SHOPS AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

from Primrose House

for a Dry Skin

BECAUSE of the active outdoor life most women lead nowadays the face is constantly exposed to wind and weather. Thus there is a greater tendency to dryness of the skin which causes the small tell-tale lines and leathery appearance.

This can be corrected by the use of Primrose House creams and lotions which cleanse the skin, nourish it and restore to it freshness and youthful texture.

Primrose House preparations have been developed *scientifically* to enable every woman to always look her best. They are sold at the better stores throughout the country or will be sent by mail upon receipt of price.

Every smart woman should have our booklet, "Here Dwells Youth." Mailed free to any address.

For treating a dry skin use the following Primrose House Preparations:

Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream Leaves the skin scrupulously clean with the fresh fragrance of real rose leaves. Three sizes, $1.00, $2.00, $3.50.

Skin Freshener—After cleaning the face with Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream, wash it with absorbent cotton saturated with Skin Freshener. This promotes the activity of the skin, and keeps it firm and healthy. Two sizes, $1.25, $3.00.

Smoothskin Cream—To nourish the skin and eradicate the lines which usually form when the skin is dry. Three sizes, $1.00, $2.00, $3.00.

Primrose House Foundation Cream—Excellent as a skin protector and a powder base for a dry, sensitive skin. Two sizes, $1.50, $2.50.

Chiffon Face Powder for a delicate, smooth finish. Blends imperceptibly with every skin, and makes it look its loveliest. $3.50

Primrose House

3 EAST 52nd ST. NEW YORK

Department E-5

me in a spirit of make-believe. Today I am exploited by people who have no love of me.

"There came Molière"—the theatre recalls—"Molière who taught Sheridan, Wilde and Shaw how to stab at dull custom and leave a wound that results in death. There came Shakespeare, who never taught anyone, because his methods were so simple as to be unteachable, requiring only a nature as simple and honest as his own—there came Goethe—there came Wagner—there came Ibsen. But ever and ever there came commercialism and vulgarity, and a public that overthrew its leisured nobility, but failed to rescue from the débâcle that same nobility's refinement and taste. There came at last the new school of playwrights.

HIGH PRICES AND LOW QUALITY

"WE have lost the old spirit of coming together religiously, and religiously making-believe"—the theatre warns—"and without that spirit I am lost, I am nothing, I am a fake that fools ever less and less people. One day the high prices and the low quality will, too, hideously contrast, and then I shall die. Alas, alas, must I always be written by Samuel Shipman?"

No, no, dear theatre. We love you too deeply to let you be murdered in such fashion. The old spirit of make-believe, of religiously getting together so as to be able to make-believe, shall be recaptured. It must be, and so it will be. But how? It will be a desperate struggle. Those in control today want money, money, money, and you speak of the religion of old Greece, and the purpose Aristotle found for you. The chances *pro* are few, the chances *con* are many. The land on which playhouses are built today is taxed so-and-so much, and, therefore, must bring in so-and-so much money per week, and per month and per year, and one might believe per forever. This necessitates plays that cater to the greatest number, which in turn means less than the best intelligence, for the greatest number cannot all be possessed of the best taste.

Who is to take up the sword? Max Reinhardt? Perhaps, if only he prove not a mere fad. "Little" theatres? More possibly, if only they prove not mere playgrounds for busybodies and neurotics. The public? Well—*is* that too much to hope for?

There have been recent attempts to inject religion into plays. I do not mean plays that do so for commercial reasons, hoping to get the clergy to advertise them from the pulpits. I mean *Back to Methuselah,* for example. I mean *R. U. R.* They preached conscious evolution as a religion, and held up the example before us of those who followed it and those who opposed it, the authors wishing to "purge" our hearts in the old Aristotelian sense. The first failed, the second was a mild success. Perhaps the technical method was unwisely chosen, perhaps it was the wrong religion. Perhaps the next effort will succeed. At least these plays represented the new-old Shavian notion that the artist must chronicle the religion of his day, as he always has in times when art was great. What is the religion of today? Is there one? Perhaps we must invent one first, and then the theatre will chronicle it, and become vigorous as when it was born.

THE INTELLECTUAL DRAMA

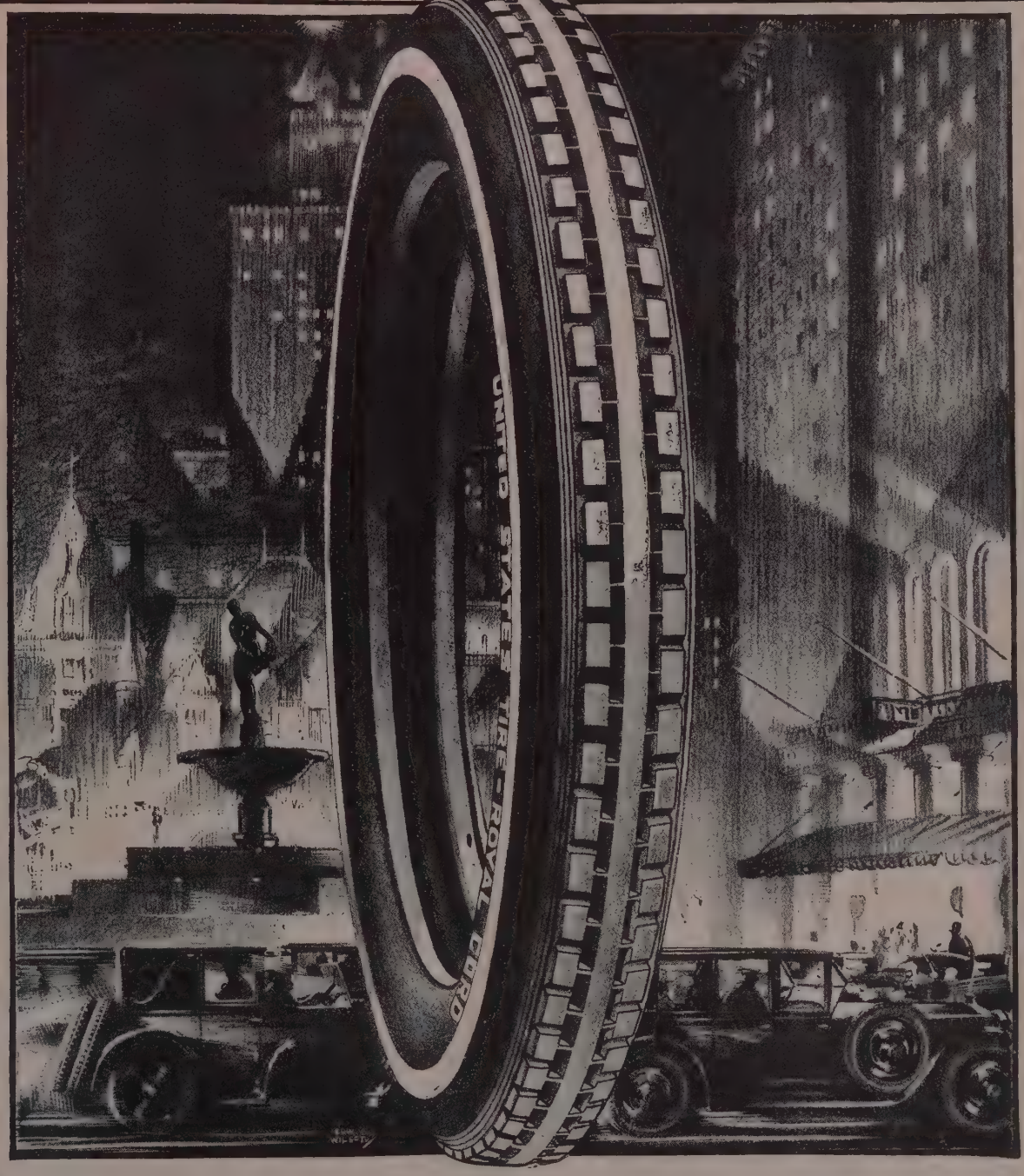
THAT is a far-off dream. What the immediate future will doubtless bring is the intellectual drama. Pirandello heralds it, and is hailed as a pioneer, but the trail has been blazed. Freud had much to do with making it impossible by spreading the study of the mind as a popular science. The intellectual drama will have the form and technical tricks of plot, suspense and incident to which the stage has accustomed the world, but it will be built around the workings of the human brain as a starting point, rather than around a story. It will be a distinct improvement over works which ask us to be interested for an entire evening in the recovery of a stolen article of jewelry, or in the love affairs of an idiot. It will not be a final goal—genuine co-operation of author, actor, public, *et al,* will be that—but it will be a step that will make still finer things possible. But when the public, the real villain of all cosmic tragedies, awakens to what is expected of it by Mother Nature, the authors of plays entitled *Plus is Minus* will not be consulted—nor labor unions, nor ticket speculators, nor real estate promoters!

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

The opportunity to hear Jeritza is always an occasion. She has made two records, two powerful numbers from Giordano's strange opera *Fedora—Son gente risoluta* (Brave People Are They) and *Dio di giustizia* (Oh, God of Justice) are dramatic numbers, sung with true lyric ecstasy.

Saint-Saëns' fantastic symphonic poem, *Omphale's Spinning Wheel,* with its melodious whir of the wheel of fate, the groanings of Hercules bound, and the mocking laughter of his goddess warder, offers an unusual opportunity for an interesting record. New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Mengelberg records this charming number this week, with exquisite finish and regard for the spirit of the thing.

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES



The "Royal" road is any road today—Fifth Avenue—"Main Street" or the country highway and byway. The service that Royal Cords are giving on all types of cars is so truly remarkable that owners who are first attracted by their fine appearance soon come to appreciate even more the beauty of their utility.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

U.S. Royal Cords

Your Perfume Should Be "Becoming"

You choose a hat or frock for its becomingness. You select it because its style exactly suits you—makes you appear more charming.

Your perfume should be as individually becoming as your loveliest gown. Clothes are soon forgotten, but a perfume may linger in the memory for years.

FLORIENT, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, has a happy way of blending with widely varying personalities—seeming to take on a new meaning with each wearer. Or you may find your favorite among other lovely Colgate scents.

It is easy to select the right perfume with the Colgate Perfume Test—and lots of fun besides. Full instructions and materials for making the test, including three miniature vials of perfume, will be sent you for a 2c stamp. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. 273, 199 Fulton Street, New York City.

COLGATE'S
Perfumes

MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(*Continued from page* 22)

both. More confidence than fulness of purse. Vastly more.

The musical bureau started, gradually grew, finally became one of the most prosperous in America and the world. Yet grizzled hair overtook him and found the boy from Illinois discontent. The theatre! He had had none of it save as an occupant of a paid seat. Oh, to direct a performance! To give a star her or his own chance to rise!

He bought a farm at Paulding, N. Y., and gave house parties. He bought another farm in Connecticut and commuted. He directed the tours of his concert stars with sagacity. Routine finished for the day, he went to the theatre.

In *Not So Long Ago* he saw the young leading man from the South, Sidney Blackmer. He thought: "There is a star in the making. Why should I not make it?" He called on Mr. Blackmer as he had called on John McCormack. He said: "I want to develop a star of the theatre as I develop a singer. The same dignity. The same reticence. The gradual upbuilding of a repertoire and a reputation. What do you think?" Mr. Blackmer thought "Excellent."

Mr. Wagner put forward Sidney Blackmer as a star in *The Mountain Man*. Loss. Cheerfully met by the invader of dramatic management. A novelty. He kept the play going months longer than its anæmic term of life, because he did not want to turn the members of a company out without engagements at midseason. Another novelty. Charles L. Wagner should be dear to the heart of the Equity Association.

Next year he shared the management of Mr. Blackmer with an elder manager. Two years of success in *The Love Child*. Early this year he produced *Scaramouche* with Sidney Blackmer in the title-rôle.

A dogged continuance of Sabatini's story of the French Revolution with a much heralded motion picture of that name, at a heavy loss. Broadway's Wise said a loss of $75,000. Mr. Wagner said, "Not so much."

A pain in his pocketbook? Evidently that is not Mr. Wagner's vital spot. Instead he secured Miss Elsie Ferguson for *The Moon Flower* with Sidney Blackmer as co-star, and announced his contract with Mrs. Fiske for a series of revivals.

Unique Mr. Wagner cares not greatly whether his plays and players make money for him. Often I have heard him say that he has provided for his comfort in dreaded old age. That sum none can play with, for he will never allow himself to borrow the meanest copper coin of it. With the rest of his fortune he believes that he is privileged to play.

"I do not intend to produce much, but I shall produce as much as I like. Money worship has not been one of my sins. I regard theatrical production as fun. It is the fun I dreamed of for thirty years. To do worthily what you like to do seems to me the crown of a career."

So the smiled at, frowned at, trespasser upon the domain of theatrical management. He is a bachelor. Usually urbane of manner. I have heard of rages, but have never seen them.

His philosophy of life is: "To be happy, come out of the jungle. Live on the heights."

VAUDEVILLE

(*Continued from page* 36)

"artistic" before, sponsors this new offering and places it in the hands of some sensitive, expert and enthusiastic dancers who are unknown. The fantastic process of bringing curios to life which, since the eighties, has served in every revue from Sunday-school entertainments to the Columbia Wheel, again performs its honorable service very prettily. The costumes are artistic and amusing, the dancing graceful and finished. Were it not for the repeated interruption of a dull and uninspired wise-cracking monologist, the simplicity and charm of the act would have made it wholly instead of somewhat satisfying.

The managerial banditry which works such ruinous havoc upon the halls has resulted in the departure for the field of revue of Mr. Will Mahoney. To call this inspired individual a great artiste would be attempting to defeat his own purpose. For it is in the fake artistry of light amusement that Mr. Mahoney finds his greatest delight. But there is sheer beauty in his foolishness which raises it to the radiant pinnacle of hoke comedy, and the halls wherein joy is acknowledged to be as respectable an emotion as grief will miss the full measure which he contributed to it.

Notice how strong it is for all its gossamer sheerness of texture.

Such a clear, transparent, silken web!

How does it ever stand the wear and tear of every-day use? How can a fabric that looks so delicate possess such enduring strength? The leg must withstand the tug of garters and the stretch of bending knees. The sole, toe and heel are constantly subject to the ever-so-slight rubbing of the shoe.

But the closely-knit web of "Onyx" silk is made to stand exceptional strain and reinforced to stand exceptional wear. Only exceeding care in selecting materials, extraordinary skill in manufacture and unceasing severity of inspection can produce stockings worthy to bear the trademark "Onyx". When you see the little gold "Onyx" stamp on the toe of a stocking you may know that it has . . . . . .

Strength in every silken strand

"Pointex"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Onyx" Hosiery

ONYX

Reg U.S.Pat Office

© 1924 "Onyx" Hosiery Inc.

Manufacturers

New York

FREE
One Pearl

To prove to you the matchless beauty of Deltah Pearls, our Board of Directors has set aside a sum of money for investment in good will. We will send you a genuine Deltah, if you will mail us the coupon below. We believe this investment is the quickest, most convincing way to prove to you the superiority of Deltah Pearls. We invite you to make your own comparisons. We know you'll prefer Deltahs once you become acquainted with their superiority.

The Final Touch of Charm The Secret—Pearls

WHAT delight pearls bring to every woman! Their touch of distinction completes the newest frock. The knowledge of their aid to beauty . . . no other gem is so completely woman's, no other can bring such assurance.

And among smartly gowned women Deltah Pearls are much in vogue . . . you see them everywhere. Their exceptional fidelity, in reproducing each tiny curve and dimple of the Oriental, has created a sensation.

Leading jewelers are now offering these celebrated gems, imported direct from our Paris and Geneva laboratories. The very latest designs in varying lengths from chokers to three-strand ropes are ready for your selection—clasped in gold, platinum or diamonds. Prices range from the modest, inexpensive strings to elaborate, costly strings.

The Art of Wearing Pearls

A noted style authority and fashion editor has just prepared an interesting little book, "The Charm of Pearls."

This tells of the latest modes in the wearing of pearls . . . the lengths appropriate for various occasions . . . individual and artistic methods of adorning the neck, wrists and coiffure . . . noting especially those used by prominent women of society and the stage.

We shall be glad to mail you this useful little booklet free of charge. Fill out and mail the coupon below.

Deltah PEARLS

Deltah Pearls are for sale throughout the country by leading jewelers, men who take pride in giving their customers the best. Please inspect these matchless gems. Become acquainted with their absolute superiority. To know Deltahs is to prefer them.

L. Heller & Sons, Inc., Dept. 5.
358 Fifth Ave., New York City
(Please Check Which You Wish)
☐ Please send me a Deltah Pearl without cost or obligation, also Booklet.
☐ Merely send me your free Booklet: "The Charm of Pearls."
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

WHY MY PLAYS SUCCEED

(Continued from page 9)

and-Dance Man, my last play. The girl and boy thought to be lovers do not clinch at the final curtain. The girl marries some one else. There isn't the usual "they lived happy ever after" ending. And the public doesn't mind. It knows that such things are real life. Years ago such an ending would have spelled failure.

The war has affected this metamorphosis. People now dramatize situations to their own satisfaction. And, above all, they dramatize themselves. Why not? The war made millions of heroes out of every-day citizens. Heroes on the stage today must be genuine, not dressed-up mannequins with artificially heroic gestures.

And another reason for the "Theatre Mind" is that more people are writing plays today than ever before. The war infused almost everyone with a sense of drama. Why, thousands of manuscripts come in now—not only from the great cities, but from the back woods, where, before the war, drama was more or less an unknown quantity. Talk about the hands that have grabbed pencils to dash off masterpieces! A regular mail-order business is being conducted now by producers. I used to have only two play readers. Now I have eight.

And all this delving into play-writing has made audiences wiser, more urgent in their demand for the truth, and the abolishment of hokum. They want logical endings, even though they are not always happy ones. They have perspective.

While the war is responsible for much of this sophistication, the motion pictures have helped. Some producers of legitimate plays fear that the pictures are injuring the legitimate theatre. I feel that they have educated them up to the point where they appreciate the legitimate theatre more. After people patronize the pictures night after night, as they certainly do, particularly at neighborhood playhouses, the pictures pall. They crave the spoken word. You can't get away from the mighty appeal of the little old human voice. Two or three years ago the galleries of legitimate theatres were shot to pieces. The pictures got this part of the house. But they have come back. Now, at a popular play, the galleries are crowded. The theatre will always stand up. It has nothing to fear.

But even though the dramatic fare is changing rapidly to suit the "Theatre Minds" of today, some of the old-time productions seem to stand up and survive for all their lack of modernity. Take *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway.* I wrote it nineteen years ago, and it is still being played. Even I, who should be more or less callous toward it, being its creator, love it still. For sentimental reasons, I guess. It was my baby. I frequently rummage around a dusty trunk, take out the old script and read it over again.

Though styles in plays may change with the changing viewpoints of the public, Pep will never be out-of-date. And so I will stick to my creed of "Speed and Pep," and if I get rubber-stamped for that, I'm game. I don't mind. I like it.

MUSIC

(Continued from page 34)

Metropolitan. Neither Signor Lauri-Volpi nor Delia Reinhardt showed the slightest knowledge of the French style, and even Signor De Luca, fine artist though he is, was out of his element. Only Leon Rothier, as the High Priest, was in the picture. Mr. Rothier gives at least a hint of what the great French artists of the past once offered to the New York public.

THE high light of the production was the scenery of Boris Anisfeld. Mr. Anisfeld is a great colorist, and though from its very extravagance his painting at times attains a certain monotony, it is always stimulating and provocative. After Hans Kautsky and Mario Sala, and even after much of Josef Urban, Mr. Anisfeld's freedom and sincerity comes as a delightful relief. If only for the opportunity of viewing his settings, *Le Roi de Lahore* is worth an evening. And in this connection might not a pious hope be expressed that next season the Metropolitan turn its attention to one or two of the young American scenic artists, who are the equals if not the superiors of any in the old world. Max Reinhardt, in a public speech, named Norman Bel-Geddes as the foremost scenic painter of the day, and this young American's work in *The Miracle* goes far to uphold Reinhardt's encomium. Then there are Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson, Rollo Peters, Claude Bragdon, and Woodman Thompson. Surely the one art in which Americans are able to meet Europeans on their own terms and beat them, ought not to be without honor in America's leading operatic institution.

1874 Golden Anniversary 1924

ORIENTAL
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Enables the *natural figure* to achieve all the grace and symmetry of the Eastern dancing girl or the Spanish gypsy.

THE ORIENTAL *(trademark)* is the new and beautiful undergarment designed for young girls who do not wear a corset.

It is expressly fashioned to hold the lower part of the figure firm and to eliminate any unattractive line.

Soft but snug—a perfect foundation for the present vogue of draped costuming.

Made of suede, of Jersey silk, of satin, of beautiful brocaded silk and of combinations of these materials

$1.50 to $10

ASK FOR IT
IN CORSET DEPARTMENTS

MADE BY
Warner's

Made exclusively by the Warner Brothers Company, originators of WRAP-AROUND (trademark) and CORSELETTE (trademark). 347 Madison Ave., New York; 367 W. Adams St., Chicago; 28 Geary St., San Francisco; 356 St. Antoine St., Montreal

why buy new wheels?
TUXEDO
VACUUM CUP
BALLOON TIRES
fit your regular rims

The fashionable "Boyish Bob" demands the soft, natural wave for which the LANOIL Process is particularly famous

Nestle's experts can, with the LANOIL Process, produce any type of wave, curl or ringlet on practically any type of hair

Welcome to NESTLE'S *of New York to See the Famous "LANOIL" Permanent Waving Process Administered in Its Home*

Third* Birthday Sees Vast Improvements

NEVER resting, never ceasing in his efforts on behalf of permanent waving, Mr. Charles Nestle, who has devoted his life to the perfecting of this wonderful process, bids you welcome to his internationally famous New York Establishment, where you can experience the most perfect permanent wave it is possible to obtain today.

Here is the birthplace of the famous "LANOIL" Process. Here is the renowned laboratory in which Mr. Nestle has wrought such astonishing advances in his art, leading always to a better, quicker and more comfortable application of his "LANOIL" discovery.

Mr. Charles Nestle is himself in personal charge *here,* and his corps of trained experts exercise a magical skill, attained through years of training under him.

So that a permanent wave here may be said to involve no more fuss than an ordinary shampoo. Actually, through special adaption to your hair texture, "LANOIL" becomes a beneficial hair treatment as well as a sympathetic waving agent.

Let your New York visit bring you the benefit of a Nestle "LANOIL" Permanent Wave, applied by its originators in the famous East 49th Street Nestle Establishment!

* Through error, the third birthday of the LANOIL Process was announced as its second birthday in THEATRE MAGAZINE of last month.

Our booklet is gladly sent free on request.
Appointments by letter, phone or personal call

NESTLE'S

Established in 1905

12 and 14 East 49th Street

Just off Fifth Avenue

New York City

PHONES: Vanderbilt 7660-1-2-3-4

ONE of the outstanding features of the season has been the performance in "Poppy" of Luella Gear, who plays the comedienne to Madge Kennedy's lead. Miss Gear has such a delicious casualness about her, her comedy is so easy and unforced that she immediately piques the interest of her audience. And this interest grows with each entrance, until in the already famous song, "Whaddaye do Sunday, Whaddaye do Monday, Ma-a-ry?" and the subsequent dance and fooling with Robert Woolsey, she fairly brings down the house. Added to all that Miss Gear looks a dream. Far greater prettiness than one is accustomed to associate with a comedian type!

Off the stage Miss Gear has the same *insouciant,* buoyant personality. Seen close at hand, her complexion is rosy and fine-grained, her eyes very bright, and her merry laugh shows teeth white and even. She radiates the freshness and perfume of a May morn.

It was not surprising to hear, therefore, that swimming in summer, and its substitute in winter, baths and bathing, are two of Miss Gear's hobbies. As to the latter . . .

"I really believe you have a bathroom complex, Luella," she reports one of her friends as saying.

"But I told her nothing of the sort," said Miss Gear, "that she had misused the term. A bathroom complex would mean that I was afraid of baths or hated them, whereas, of course, the shoe is on the other foot. I adore them! I was entirely in sympathy with what the December Vanity Box reported a certain actress as saying, that if she could only have one room and had to make a choice between a bedroom or a bath, she would choose the latter and sleep in the tub."

"Anyone who knows me," continued Miss Gear, "knows that anything having to do with tubbing—bath salts, soaps, brushes, sponges, special towels, is a perfectly safe bet in the way of a present. As a consequence, after the first of the year my collection of bath salts was so extensive that it almost crowded me out of the place. I finally put most of them in storage, and concentrated on my favorite."

"Do tell us what that is," we asked eagerly.

"An imported bath salts that has recently been put on the market here," answered Miss Gear. "A friend of mine, who was living in Paris last year, first heard about these salts from a well-known French actress, and went quite mad over them. Then on coming to America in the fall and finding them in one of the shops, she passed them on to me.

"They come in such an attractive fashion . . . a combination package which includes besides the crystals, a huge cake of soap for the tub, and a smart round wooden box of dusting powder . . . and all three, crystals, soap and powder, are perfumed with the same odor. That gives you this advantage, that when you start with a tub, bath-salted 'to taste,' and wash with soap, and dust with powder, all of which have the same perfume, you acquire your fragrance in a subtle, indefinable way—a way that permeates the whole body and becomes a part of your personality.

"There are a variety of odors in these packages to choose from, I believe, Rose and Violette, and Jasmin and several others. But the one given me, called 'Passionata,' I think the best of them all. Anyway, I don't see how it could be better, richer or more alluring, I mean . . . lasting, too. And I don't see, either, how one could have a more ideal method of acquiring an atmosphere of personal fragrance and charm."

(*For the name of the bath preparations used by Miss Gear, and where they may be purchased, write The Vanity Box, care the* THEATRE MAGAZINE, *New York City.*)

What every woman should know

FEMININE hygiene has become a necessity. It is as much a part of the modern woman's toilet as the bath; yet intelligent women everywhere are running the risk of irreparable injury through ignorance of a few plain scientific truths.

For years poisonous burning compounds have been used in feminine hygiene because of their germ-killing power. It was generally believed that when heavily diluted with water they did no harm. *Such is not the case.* Every well informed physician or chemist knows that the continued use of poisonous burning fluids in the practice of feminine hygiene has become a tremendous source of ill health throughout the United States. *This is an indisputable fact.*

The following statement on the subject is made by the head of a New York laboratory with an international reputation.

• • •

"Bichloride of mercury and cresol compounds, when used in sufficient strength to possess any value as germicides, are exceedingly destructive to tissue. Bichloride burns the mucous membrane and if used repeatedly will deaden and toughen the tissues with which it comes in contact. There is always the danger of mercurial poisoning through its use. Most phenol and cresol compounds are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning and irritation of these poisons. In spite of this they are corrosive and caustic in their action and the soap ingredients wash away necessary gland secretions. Their continued use frequently results in an area of scar-tissue and dullness and hardening of the membrane."

No Excuse for Poisons

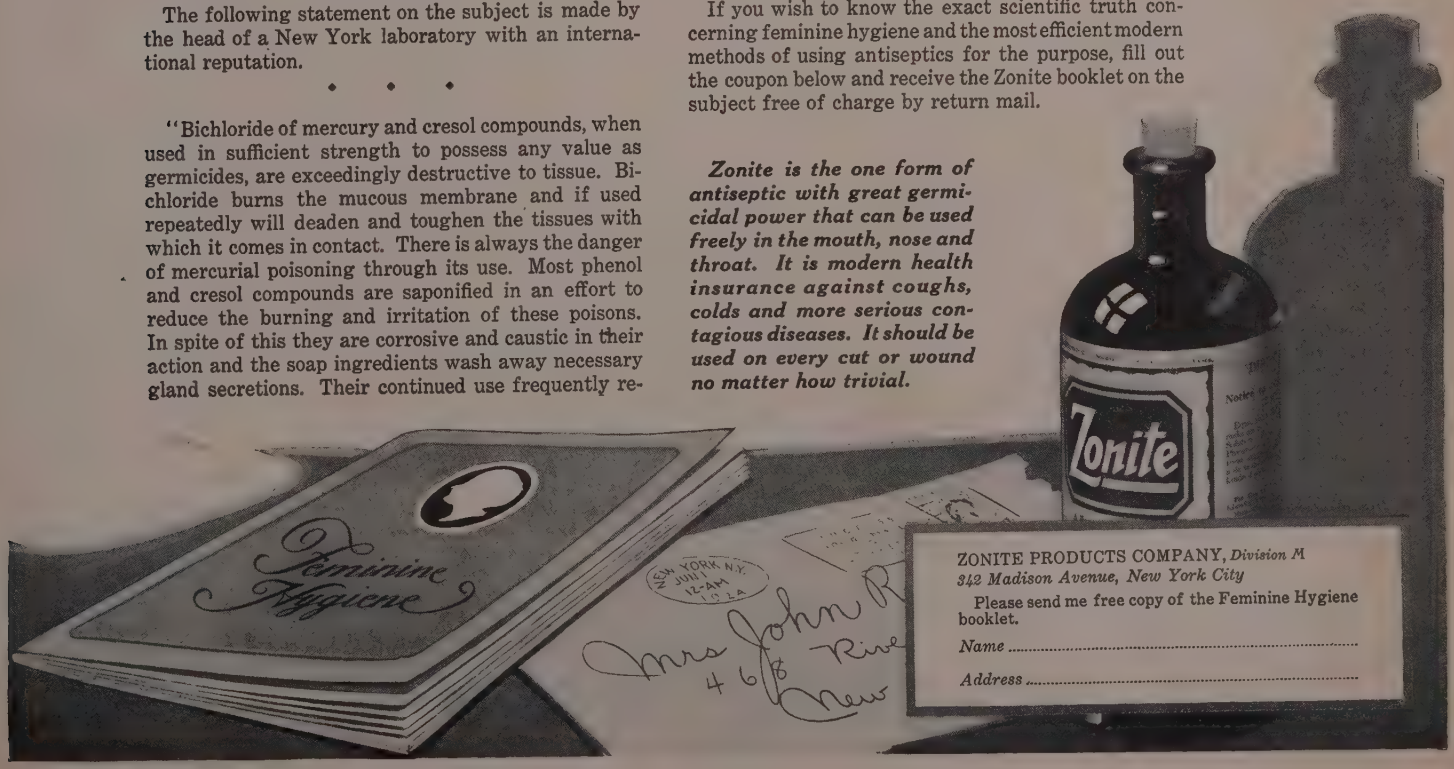
There was some excuse in the past for the use of poisonous, burning antiseptics—there was nothing to take their place. This is no longer true. Zonite, a non-poisonous, non-irritating antiseptic that may be used at great germicidal strength on the mucous membrane with no harmful effect whatsoever, is here to replace them.

Zonite is a colorless liquid that destroys odors and leaves no odor of its own. By standard laboratory test it has more germicidal power than pure carbolic acid. It is the last word of science on the subject of antiseptics. *Authorities are urging its immediate adoption for feminine hygiene by all women.*

If you wish to know the exact scientific truth concerning feminine hygiene and the most efficient modern methods of using antiseptics for the purpose, fill out the coupon below and receive the Zonite booklet on the subject free of charge by return mail.

Zonite is the one form of antiseptic with great germicidal power that can be used freely in the mouth, nose and throat. It is modern health insurance against coughs, colds and more serious contagious diseases. It should be used on every cut or wound no matter how trivial.

In Bottles
50c and $1.00
Druggists Everywhere



ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY, *Division M*
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me free copy of the Feminine Hygiene booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

A glimpse of Chicago *Photo by Fairchild Aerial Camera Corp.*

Broad Views *for* Bond Buyers

The great city with its expanding wealth of industry, commerce and homes represents the taxing power which protects the purchaser of Municipal Bonds.

A thorough study of a city's financial standing always precedes the purchase of its bonds by The National City Company. Similar painstaking study and care mark the selection of *all* bonds, of whatever kind, offered to investors by this national organization.

We invite you to make yourself known to us so that we can learn your investment requirements and be ready to advise you quickly and intelligently when a new issue desirable for you to own is offered.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY — NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING — NEW YORK

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

You will find offices in more than 50 leading cities in the United States, Canada and abroad

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PRESS-AGENT

(*Continued from page* 20)

wish to excel his elephants and clowns. Besides, in his right field, he excelled the nimblest and most humorous clown he advertised. I do not hold him up to our younger Press-Agents as an example of veracity. But—he could teach them many raw and wondrous tricks.

Tody Hamilton, indeed, was almost a Super-Press-Agent. So was Bram Stoker, the *alter ego* of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. Dr. Johnson treated his devoted Boswell far more cruelly than Irving would probably at any time have thought it wise or safe to treat Bram Stoker. That trusted henchman helped his chief with his advice, his skill, his pen, his brain, his scholarship. For (as I need tell no one who has shuddered at his *Dracula*) he was not only an uncommonly fine writer but also a man with an imaginative gift which might have led him vastly farther than the London Lyceum. I rank Bram Stoker with the tragedians of his world, though I should never dream of calling him a crushed tragedian. It was "Bram" who saved Irving the unnecessary trouble of preparing his gracious and charming public speeches, who counselled him as to the selection of his guests at Delmonico's and the Garrick Club, who went ahead of him on his provincial tours, who largely enabled him to avoid social traps and pitfalls. "Bram"—yes "Bram" also, was a Super-Press-Agent. On one occasion, though, he did not whisper into Irving's ear quite clearly enough, and the result was painful.

AN OLD STORY

YOU—most of you, not all—have heard the tale. Irving was giving one of his delightful banquets at Delmonico's. Gracious as ever, he was following Stoker's lead by paying tributes to his distinguished guests. He had, however, left out one of the most popular actors. "Bram" (as we called him) bent over his chief and murmured something. Whereon, in his most courteous tones, the speaker drew attention to the presence of that admired and great comedian—"Nit Godwin." "Old stuff?" Of course it is, to you, good Friars.

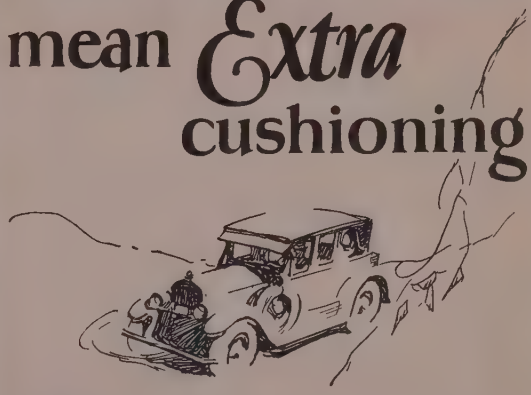
And, as I sit here, idly jotting down my memories, I recall a man who, for some years, was feared and envied by his brethren at the Friars; a man not in the same class, maybe, with "Bram," yet of much influence, the strange creature whom we knew as Toxen Worm. Not "Toxine," if you please. There was no better way of stirring up his bile than to misspell his forename. His methods lacked the suavity of "Bram's" and the subtility of Channing Pollock's. They owed, I fear, a little—maybe much—to the example of Tody Hamilton. As Trumpeter to a Barnum and Bailey show he might have seemed quite in his fit sphere. As *fidus achates* to Sothern and Marlowe, frankly, he was—well not so fit. He rather scandalized them over there in London, I am told, when he was launching Sothern and Marlowe's only season, by insisting on hiring a bus with drummers or trumpeters (I forget which) on the roof to announce the coming appearances of his dignified principals in a Shakespearean repertory. The lamented Toxen, I know, had *his* private tragedy. He aspired to play-writing. I remember how, one afternoon, out West, he held me up for a long hour while he read me extracts from a drama in the mode of Norway or of his native Denmark, which he thought wonderful. There are countless Press-Agents whom one jostles at the Lambs' and Friars', and in the anterooms of unfeeling critics, who share Toxen's dreams. But it might hurt them if I named them by their names. And there are others who hope, ere they are quite old, to play Hamlet as they see the royal Dane, or Junius Brutus.

BALLYHOOING THE OPERA

"JOURNALISM," said M. Thiers, before he was elected President of the French Republic, "leads to everything—if only you get out of it." Journalism has been responsible for hundreds of smart Press-Agents and for some managers. William Guard, the enthusiast who now booms the Metropolitan Opera House, had for some years before that boomed (with equal fervor) its Manhattan rival. Before that, again, he had been an idealistic Sunday editor. Thanks to his knowledge of the press, he has been a good Press-Agent. He knows how many scandals he has smothered in the bud, how many reputations he has magnified, and how many critics he has minimized. Most would regard him as essentially non-tragical. But, perhaps, his tragedy lies in the fact that though he got out of journalism, he continued to be a Reflector when he may have hoped to become himself a shining Beacon. He has been knighted (in Italy) for his wholly disinterested and legitimate press services to the Italians during the war. He appears to be on the most pleasant terms with the *eminentissimo* and *hochverehrter* director of the Metropolitan. To be sure, he was on equally good terms (in the dim past) with poor Oscar Hammerstein. But it is part of the tragedy of the Press-Agent that, whether he wishes it or not, he must be all things unto all men. At the Friars' they might call him a "good mixer."

GOODRICH Balloon Cord

Balloon Cords mean *Extra* cushioning



BALLOON is an apt name for broad-gauge, low-air pressure tires because it implies the cushioning use of the air.

Air is nature's best cushion, and the lower the pressure, the better the cushion.

With their low-air pressure, Goodrich Balloon Cords give the motorist the betterment—the new ease and pleasure—he is always seeking.

It is a special, de luxe service in tires.

Just as riding in a parlor car is more comfortable than riding in a day coach, so riding on Balloon Cords is more comfortable than riding on high-air pressure tires.

Once Goodrich Balloon Cords are on a car, driver and passengers know a positive improvement. It is seen and felt in driving, maintaining, and enjoying the car.

Call on a Goodrich Dealer, and ask him to tell you the latest facts and suggestions on Goodrich Balloon Cords.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio

In Canada:
The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Limited, Toronto

The Goodrich "55" tire is made full size to meet the wishes of the discriminating owner of a light car.

OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT INVITES SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW USES OF RUBBER

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August* 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1924, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge, and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 2 West 45th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 2 West 45th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mrs. Georgine Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. F. E. Allardt, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given: also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of March, 1924. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 369, Register's No. 5166. (Term expires March 30, 1925.)

THE MANAGERS AND THE "CLOSED SHOP"

(*Continued from page* 7)

better sanitation in dressing-rooms. We prevent our members from breaking *their* contracts with managers, and we try to be absolutely fair with employers at all times. But, as to going beyond this to control the theatre, or to dictate what plays and players the public shall see, and at what prices, as some of our enemies have charged—that is utterly ridiculous.

It is not true that Equity Shop interferes with the art of the actor. It has nothing to do with his art. It has as much bearing on his acting as has his membership in, say, the Players' Club. We are concerned only with the principle of justice and equity as regards contracts and working conditions. We are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and every member is proud of it. But this has just as much to do with the art of our members as the fact that they wear union-made shoes has to do with the quality of their dancing, or the grace of their carriage.

By SAM H. HARRIS

President of the Producing Managers' Association

UNTIL five years ago conditions in the theatre from an artist's standpoint were bad. There were serious abuses of actor's rights. Conditions were grossly unfair. Actors were paid half-salaries at certain times of the year, even if the business done was highly profitable. They were rehearsed for months without pay. Chorus girls partly costumed themselves. Whole troupes were stranded.

And there was no redress for the actor. There was no redress for the actor because power was concentrated in the offices of the managers. The manager was a Czar. Some of us, I choose to think, were unwitting Czars. In the business with the greatest element of risk of any, we accepted conditions favorable to us which had grown to be rules of producing operations.

It is true, though, that those conditions would never have come to pass had not almost unlimited power been centered in the hands of producers. I like to think that most big producers acted fairly, according to their lights of that period, but whether they did, the actors have as legitimate reasons for an uprising as any working group ever had. They uprose, and got every single improvement they asked, because they were right and were fighting for justice.

But since that "strike," conditions as ideal as they can be in the theatrical business have obtained. Disagreements have been arbitrated fairly by representatives of the Actors' Equity Association and the Producing Managers' Association. The theatre, managers and artists have been prosperous. Power as an element in theatrical dealings today is only the power of appeal by both producer and artist for fairness. The Actors' Equity Association has done much good. No reputable manager desires a return to the conditions of old. But the Actors' Equity Association declares it can not be efficacious in doing good unless its members pay their dues. So they demand that the producers engage only members of Equity.

Thus could the delinquents be speeded up in payment of dues, and non-Equity actors would be forced to join Equity, or "lay off." This, the producers recognize as a valid consideration for the perpetuation of an organization which has done great good. Accordingly, rather than see Equity's life endangered, they have offered to employ no Equity actor unless he or she be in good standing with that organization. They offer also to employ no actor not a member of Equity unless that actor pays a sum equivalent to the dues of Equity—the proceeds from this source to go to the recognized charity of the profession, the Actors' Fund. These provisions would result in all actors, Equity or not, paying an equal tax, and we would have no longer, as Equity points out, the case of one actor paying dues, and another deriving benefits which that organization fought for, and obtained without payment of a cent.

When pocketbooks are thus equally levied, it is reasonable to believe that those artists who remain out of Equity are prompted by idealistic considerations only. There are many such actors and actresses. Many of them do not wish to belong to an organization which is allied with labor, maintaining that artistry and talent can not be unionized. As for those artists who have no such promptings, it is reasonable to assume that, all financial payments being equal, they will join the Equity Association.

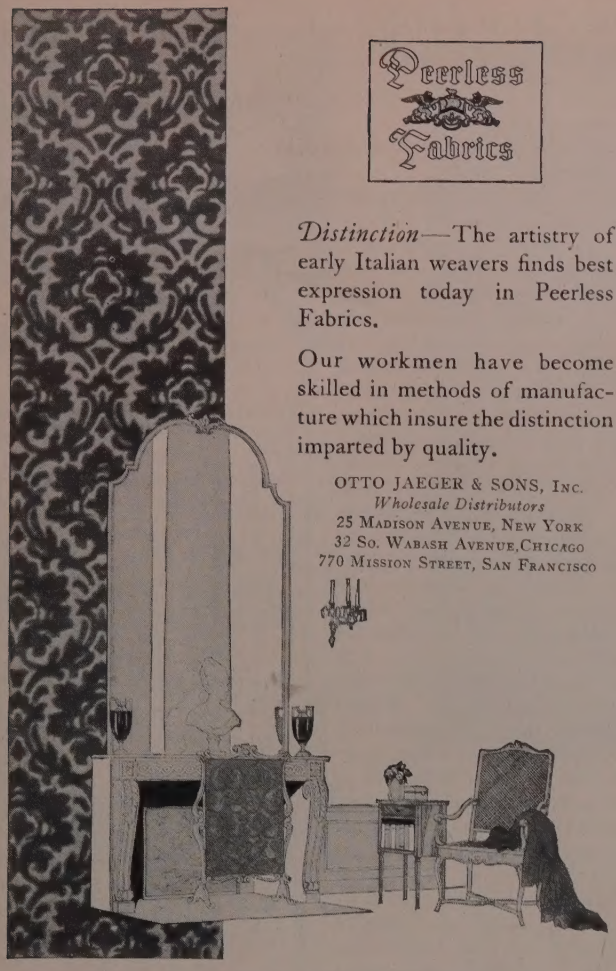
This proposal has been rejected.

The Actors' Equity Association demands what is designated "Equity Shop," which provides that no actor belonging to Equity shall be allowed to play in a cast which includes any non-Equity member.

In a proposed contract dated June 1, between Equity and the Producers' organization, that demand for "Equity Shop," is the sole point of difference. The Producers deem that demand to be unjust and un-American, and humiliating, and of grave danger to the actors themselves. The vast majority of actors, they believe, do not comprehend how the leaders of an all-powerful organization can easily become usurpers of more than their equitable sway. The temptation will be strong.

The Producers say that Equity Shop is unjust and un-American, and they are thinking of actors when they say

(*Continued on page* 68)



Peerless Fabrics

Distinction—The artistry of early Italian weavers finds best expression today in Peerless Fabrics.

Our workmen have become skilled in methods of manufacture which insure the distinction imparted by quality.

OTTO JAEGER & SONS, Inc.
Wholesale Distributors
25 Madison Avenue, New York
32 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago
770 Mission Street, San Francisco

Powder, Rouge and Lip-stick Complete!

A case as lovely as a gem, it opens at the touch! Inside—a full-sized mirror and powder of true quality, scented seductively with Joli Memoire. Below—a drawer which yields to a magic touch, revealing the best of rouge and lip-stick! In your bag—securely closed; in your hand—three swift allies to fresh charm.

TRE-JUR IS THE MARK OF QUALITY AND THE PLEDGE OF CONVENIENCE.

$1.25 at your favorite counter—in three shades of powder with orange or medium rouge. Or, by mail from us. Single Compacts with extra refill; also Tre-Jur Lip-sticks, may now be had—$1 each.

The House of Tre-Jur
19 West 18th Street
New York

You cannot really enjoy the theatre unless you are familiar with the great actors and actresses of other days. Read

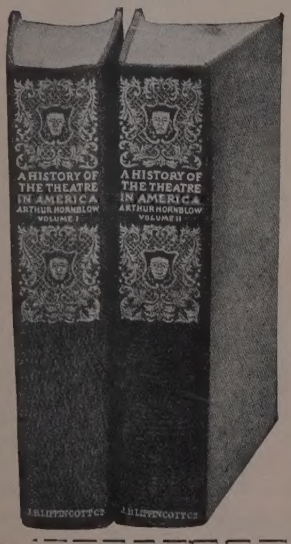
A HISTORY OF THE THEATRE IN AMERICA

From Its Beginnings to the Present Time

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

For Twenty-two Years Editor of "The Theatre Magazine"

With nearly 200 splendid illustrations—most remarkable array of fine and rare theatrical portraits ever seen outside of a private collection.



Two Octavo Volumes. Over 700 Pages. Printed in Caslon Type on handsome paper and bound in library style, gilt back, gilt top, uncut edges.

As to the merits of this book itself, the *Nation* has this to say:

"The first full length history of the American theatre. If there were others they would have to be very good if Mr. Hornblow's were not the best. . . . His book should be indispensible for a hundred years to come."—*The Nation.*

This complete work now sells for $10.00 a set. BUT—

By special arrangement with the publishers, for a limited time only, we offer "A History of the Theatre in America" and a year's subscription to the Theatre Magazine for $10.00. The price of a subscription being $4.00.

Grasp This Opportunity Today

Send us your check for $10.00 for a year's subscription to the Theatre Magazine and "A History of the Theatre in America."

THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St.

Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., N. Y.

Enclosed find $10.00 (check or money order) for which please send me a year's Subscription to the Theatre Magazine, beginning with ..... issue, and the set of "A History of the Theatre in America."

Name .....

Address .....

Gunther Fur Storage

Convenient Safe Economical

GUNTHER offers a unique fur storage service. Our vaults (occupying an entire floor) are situated on our premises—thus insuring immediate delivery when you want your furs. Suburban deliveries (within a 45 mile radius of New York) are made *the day after the receipt of your order.* New York City deliveries *the same day.*

Moderate graduated rates based on customers' valuations

Gunther

Fifth Avenue at 36th Street

FURRIERS FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

Telephone Caledonia 8780

SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS

THE PRINCETON THEATRE INTIME

(*Continued from page 42*)

production. The ladies are all residents of Princeton.

The nature of the work that has been done is as varied and differentiated as the field of drama itself. The full length plays have met with surprising success, when it is considered that a great deal of maturity is necessary to construct so long and sustained a work. At any rate, during the past two years five three-act plays have been written and produced. These were respectively mystery melodrama, English drawing-room comedy, mediæval tragedy, modern educational satire, and romantic melodrama. There is no question but that the undergraduate audience prefers the longer work, although naturally it is not to be had every day on a college campus. The one-act plays are usually better technically, as is to be expected in spite of the fact that there is a steady demand for William Archer's book at the local book store.

The purpose of the Intime, however, is also to foster dramatics of any kind in Princeton, and occasionally it has given its name to professional performances in Princeton. The excellent performance of "The School for Scandal," in which John and Mary Craig starred under its auspices. Ruth Draper appeared in Princeton but a short time ago. An outdoor performance of *Hamlet,* given by the Shakespeare playhouse, proved very successful.

The only fly in the ointment is the same one which attacked the early mediæval theatre which began in the church. The theatre and the church have never been compatible, and hence it seems that in the near future new quarters must be found. The Triangle Club has no home at present since the old historic Casino has burned down. Hence it is not improbable that in the very near future the Intime and Triangle may fuse into a real Princeton Theatre which will foster writing as Baker does, acting as Carnegie Tech does, and play producing as no college has been able to do as yet.

BIBLE PLAYS

A BOOK that should prove invaluable in the development of religious drama in the churches has recently been published by the Century Company, under the title "Six Bible Plays." It is the work of Mable Hobbs and Helen Miles, who wrote the plays, keeping in mind the needs of church groups that have had little or no experience in play production. The plays are drawn from the Old Testament; they require no scenery but the background of the church to give them the necessary "atmosphere," and altho the book has been published but a short time, it has already been enthusiastically received and used by all denominations—Jewish, Catholic and Protestant groups finding it equally helpful.

NED WAYBURN

Productions—Amateur or Professional

are most certainly assured of complete artistic and financial success when they carry the universally acknowledged guarantee of supreme excellence in every detail—

"Staged by Ned Wayburn"
"The Man Who Stages The Follies"

An entire department of the Ned Wayburn Studios of Stage Dancing, Inc., is devoted wholly to the coaching and staging of amateur productions, large or small. Principals and ensembles expertly drilled—music, scenery, costumes and equipment furnished, complete supervision by Mr. Wayburn and staff.

Practical and technical training in stage management for men.
Professional entertainment furnished for banquets, conventions and other special occasions.
Stage dancing of all kinds. Classes for children on Saturdays.

Art Booklet "A" sent free on request

NED WAYBURN STUDIOS OF STAGE DANCING, Inc.
1841 Broadway (Entrance on 60th St.) New York
Open Daily 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. (Except Saturday Evenings and Sundays)

The Laboratory Theatre
76 East 80th Street New York City

Combining a practical working theatre and a school under the direction of

Richard Boleslawsky
Former director of the Moscow Art Theatre Studio

Prospectus upon request

SCHOOL of the THEATRE

Threshold Playhouse

DIRECTORS

CLARE TREE MAJOR FRANK CRAVEN
WALTER HAMPDEN ELSIE FERGUSON
GEORGE ARLISS RACHEL CROTHERS

Students play seven times weekly for six months before graduation—Professional Directors Only—Scenic Design — Production — Dancing — Fencing — Pantomime—Voice Development—Shakespearean Reading — Playwriting, etc. — Special evening classes for students employed during the day.

Summer term opens June 30th.
Registration Limited.

Write for Catalog to the Director.

CLARE TREE MAJOR
1230 Fifth Avenue New York City

DRAMA INSTITUTE
of the
Inter-Theatre Arts School of Acting and Production
Intensive Workshop Course
July 1st to July 30th, 1924

Students will act the plays, make the scenery, execute the costumes and plan the lighting under expert direction,

INTER-THEATRE ARTS, INC.
42 COMMERCE ST., NEW YORK CITY
Winter Term
November 10, 1924 to May 8, 1925

ALVIENE SCHOOL OF THEATRE

DRAMA OPERA SPEECH
STAGE DANCING
PHOTOPLAY SINGING

The success of Alviene graduates is due to masterful instruction, stock theatre experience while learning, introducing students to New York audiences, plus an eminent faculty, including Rose Coghlan, of Peg Woffington fame; Roy Cochran, late with Ethel and John Barrymore's Claire de Lune Co., and Claude M. Alviene, who has taught Mary Pickford, Laurette Taylor, Eleanor Painter, Taylor Holmes, Dorothy Jardon, Mary Nash, Florence Nash, Fred and Adele Astaire, Evelyn Law, Dolly Sisters and others. For information write which study is desired to SECRETARY.

ARTS EST. 1894

43 West 72nd St. Ext. 24), New York

MARIARDEN
PETERBOROUGH NEW HAMPSHIRE

A summer school of the Drama and the Dance. Instruction by distinguished professionals on a most perfectly equipped outdoor stage.

For catalogue address:
LUCY P. CURRIER
8a Commonwealth Avenue Boston, Mass.

PERFECT FRENCH

for the layman, as well as those in the Profession, acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian lady.

M. J., c/o Theatre Magazine
2 West 45th Street New York

SUMMER SESSION

For Professional Singers Who Wish To Get New Ideas.
For Beginners In Vocal Art Who Desire To Start Right.
For Teachers Of Voice Who Aim To Keep In Advance.
For Aspirants To The Stage or Lyceum.
For Little Theatre Organizers and Directors.
For Amateurs Who Can Spend Summers Only In Study.
For Students Desiring Teachers' Courses In Above Arts.

Our Own Miniature Theatre For Recitals and Productions.
Address, stating course desired,

MACLEAN COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, DRAMATIC AND SPEECH ARTS
2835 South Michigan Boulevard, CHICAGO, Illinois

Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs, **PLAYS** New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.

T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 70, Chicago

SCHOOLS

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by
FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

Board of Trustees:
Daniel Frohman Augustus Thomas
John Drew Benjamin F. Roeder

The Leading Institution in America for Dramatic Art and Expression.

Fully equips for
ACTING, TEACHING, DIRECTING

Second Season of our Six Weeks' Teachers' Summer Course in Stage Craft, Play Directing and Advanced Expressional Technique Begins July 14

Next regular class starts Oct. 27th

Extension Courses in Cooperation with
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Catalogue describing all courses from Room 172-H
CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

APPLETON PLAYS

D. Appleton & Company
Publishers
35 West 32nd Street, New York

announce that they have purchased the plays and books on the drama formerly issued by the STEWART KIDD COMPANY of Cincinnati. They will continue to publish these books and add many important volumes to the list.

Among the books now available from Appleton may be mentioned—

MODERN ONE-ACT PLAYS
22 titles, 50 cents each

LITTLE THEATRE ONE-ACT PLAYS
8 titles, 50 cents each

FIFTY CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS. One vol., $5.00

TWENTY CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS (AMERICAN)
One vol., $3.75

PORTMANTEAU PLAYS
By Stuart Walker, $2.50

SHORT PLAYS, MORE SHORT PLAYS, and THIRD BOOK OF SHORT PLAYS
By Mary MacMillan. Each $2.50

ONE-ACT PLAYS FROM THE YIDDISH, $2.00

THREE MODERN JAPANESE PLAYS $1.50

PLAYS FOR A FOLDING THEATRE
By Colin Campbell Clements, $2.00

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYS, $2.50

THE SEA WOMAN'S CLOAK and NOVEMBER EVE
By Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy), $2.50

ONE THOUSAND AND ONE PLAYS FOR THE LITTLE THEATRE
An exhaustive list of short plays, $1.00

If you will send a postcard to D. Appleton & Company, 35 West 32nd Street, New York, they will be glad to send you their new catalog of plays and books on the drama and to put you on their mailing list for further announcements.

Curl Lashes Don't Smear Them

Lashes are Nature's "Picture-frame" for the eye. Treat them as Nature intended. CURL THEM THE NEWEST WAY—without grease or coloring!

KURLASH
(NOT A COSMETIC)

is like a miniature curling iron for eye lashes which, without heat, requires but a gentle pressure for a minute or so to give a sweeping, lasting curl to the lash. Quick, Sensible, Simple!

Kurlash is inexpensive and lasts a lifetime. Once possessed, there is nothing more to buy—nothing to "use up". It's a dainty, boudoir accessory—finished in white enamel and luxuriously boxed.

SEND NO MONEY!

Write for KURLASH *today* and pay the mailman $3—plus postage, on arrival. Or, sent postpaid, if you remit $3 at once. Your satisfaction is assured. Kurlash can be returned if it fails to please.

THE STICKEL COMPANY, INC. Dept. T
380 COTTAGE STREET ROCHESTER, N.Y.

To Reveal Hair Loveliness

Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores.

Richelieu Pearl CHOKERS FOR JUNE BRIDES
AT THE BETTER SHOPS

Charming effect — Quality M $7.75

Adorable contour — Quality PO $11.00

Exquisite line — Quality C $17.00

Dignified — Quality XXX $50.00

Distinctively ..... Different

RICHELIEU PEARLS are made in AMERICA by the J.H.M.B. LABORATORIES Brooklyn, N.Y.

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet, or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

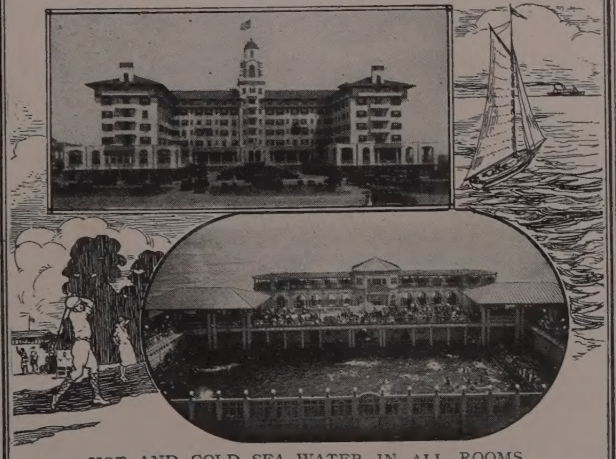
MARMOLA COMPANY
426 Garfield Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

The NEW MONTEREY
NORTH ASBURY PARK, N. J.
Directly on the Ocean

The Resort Hotel Pre-Eminent

American Plan Capacity 500 Opens June 28th

New Jersey's Most Beautiful a la Carte Grill-Room



HOT AND COLD SEA WATER IN ALL ROOMS
Golf That Makes You Play Your Best
Interesting Social Life. Daily Concerts and Dancing
New Swimming Pool Adjoining Fine Ocean Bathing
SHERMAN DENNIS, Manager
NEW YORK OFFICE, 383 Madison Ave. *Telephone, Van. 4990*
McDonnell & Co.:—Members New York Stock Exchange
On "The New Jersey Tour, A Road of Never-Ending Delight"
Winter Resort—THE MASON—St. Petersburg, Fla.

KNOWLES REDUCER

"OH, if only I could reduce exactly where I *want* to!" You *can!* The Knowles Reducer does *just that,* permitting you to *roll* off just as *much* or as *little* as you think ought to be removed. And in *just the spot* you desire!

Think of thirty hands massaging your flesh, reducing *any* part. That's the Knowles Reducer—thirty balls conforming to the contour of the area, *reaching every curve, crease, muscle.* Guaranteed to produce the desired results when faithfully used. Only a few minutes a day necessary.

Send for free booklet *"Roll Off that Fat!"*—fully explaining and illustrating the Knowles Reducer. Write *right now* to Dept. T.

KNOWLES REDUCER
42 West 39th Street
New York City

B. Clement's Transformations

No permanent wave or coiffure will improve your appearance as much as a B. Clement Transformation which is always a delight and revelation to the wearer. Easy to adapt, with a smooth perpetual wave. Absolutely undetectable. Remember the coiffure is more important than the gown.

Booklet on request

B. Clement
French Hair Shop
67 W. 49th St.,
New York City

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Lablache, a distinctive quality product, softly clinging, invisible; used and indorsed by fair women of social distinction. Lablache has an exotic fragrance, exclusive and refined; nowhere else to be found.

Two Sizes, 50c and $1.00
of druggists or by mail. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream. Refuse substitutes—they may be dangerous.

Send 10c for a sample box
BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers Dept 53
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

THE MANAGERS AND THE "CLOSED SHOP"

(*Continued from page* 64)

it. But actors will probably not believe that. The Producers will not save a solitary dollar if Equity Shop does not come to pass. Nor will Equity Shop cost them a dime more than they now spend for productions. Certainly it must be palpable that there is at least a touch of altruism there.

Ask an actor in New York whether conditions are satisfactory. You will be answered, "yes, but——" The "but" means gives us "Equity Shop." "Equity Shop" means one thing only, "Power." Hence, "but" means, "Give us Power." And such power will result in the conditions of old with the pendulum swung high on the other side. We don't wish a return of the days when a manager was a Czar, wittingly or not. We don't welcome a new era where Equity Council would wield limitless power, wittingly or not.

BUNK AND HOKUM ON THE STAGE

(*Continued from page* 10)

laugh." The trance school leaves your head intact; regrettably it seems to know no other method of reaching the heart.

And the astonishing thing is that restraint *per se* is considered a virtue. The whole profit in understating a case is to persuade, so that the actuality exceeds the advertisement. But when restraint is carried too far it understates to such an extent as to make us lose all interest and all intensity. It is bunk of a much higher intellectual level than the bunk of exaggeration, but it has the same fault. The means are disproportionate to the end, only the disproportion is negative. It over-flatters the audience instead of insulting them.

Pretentiousness and disproportion are the marks of the bunk, and they are to be found as specifically in a Theatre Guild production as in a Shubert operetta which began life as a "show." The grandiose moving-picture is as full of bunk as the slap-stick comedy is free from it. (In all these matters I am speaking of the general run of productions; there are the notable exceptions when real loftiness is nobly produced, when you have eloquence and not magniloquence, when you see a Chaliapin lifting even grand opera into the rank of the great arts.) Hokum is disproportion, too. But it is a careless disproportion, frankly conceded from the start, aiming at nothing but lightness and brightness. As Deems Taylor once said, "there are so many to beat their breast, and so few to beat the drum." The arts where hokum flourishes all beat the drum, sometimes too loudly, often with delicacy, always with technical precision; they aim to delight. And the arts where bunk prevails all too frequently invade our emotions without giving us the exaltation of great art or the thrill of good melodrama.

The old hokum bucket dips into many wells. The three false starts of the acrobat are hokum; they exaggerate the difficulty of the trick, work up your emotions, make drama of a stunt—hokum. The crescendo in the orchestra at the end of a dance number is hokum, too, and you may compare that with the intrusion of soft music when little Eva dies—which is bunk. Frank Tinney is another master of hokum; his whole method of telling bad jokes with enormous paraphernalia of illustration, with false starts and the co-operation of the musical director, is extremely sophisticated hokum of the best and most successful type. Joe Cook's vaudeville act, much of which he used in *Vanities* is really an *exposé* of hokum, and so is Frank van Hoven's magician act in which nothing ever happens after everything has been scrupulously arranged. Some of these masters of hokum take the audience into their confidence; some "kid" the audience; some pretend not to know it exists. But always between them and the audiences there is a definitely pleasant relation into which the serious artist of the theatre, honest or bunk, cannot enter, because at bottom there are two theatres, miles apart. One plays *with* the audience, that is the lively one; and one plays *against* the audience, that is the serious one.

For myself, I am on the side of the simpler theatre, the theatre of hokum. The forms of entertainment which I have ventured to call "the seven lively arts" are all alike in one respect—they are not pretentious. They make no claims beyond their actual intentions. Mr. Ziegfeld, for all I know, may really think he is glorifying something or other; but, with the exception of the "artistic" set pieces of Ben Ali Haggan, everything in a Ziegfeld *Follies* is meant to give the spectator a darned good time. It is a *show,* and it is produced in accordance with the best traditions of "show business." That professional name for the theatre brings to mind the circus side-show, the honk-a-tonk, the ballyhoo—everything relating to hoaxing the boobs and getting their money. But at bottom it is more honest than at least half of the religious attitude toward the intellectual theatre which produces dulness. The lively arts are the step-brothers and sisters of the great ones. But the God of the Theatre is good. When he took away from them the greatness of the serious theatre he also took away the necessity for the bunk. Essentially he left the lively theatre honest; and honesty plus a dash of hokum is better than high pretentions and the bunk.

Fresh and Enticing
—this ever-new fragrance

No 4711 Eau de Cologne

For my Lady's Boudoir. Also has been counted a necessity in bath and sick room for nearly a century and a half.

The purity of its ingredients and the exceptional skill of their blending has made this a product of unsurpassable quality.

Produced in America by the makers of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, and No. 4711 Bath Salts.

MULHENS & KROPFF, Inc.
25 West 45th Street **New York City**

GOING TO NEW YORK?

HERETOFORE before going to the city of "Many Things to Do," have you first taken advantage of the service features of THEATRE MAGAZINE to which you are entitled as a reader?

Our PLAY GUIDE service, for instance?

If you are planning a trip to New York, we suggest that you write at once for a copy of the PLAY GUIDE, and as frequently thereafter as you need it.

The PLAY GUIDE will tell you what plays to see—what to avoid—where to dine and dance after the theatre, and it will give you invaluable pointers about the smart supper clubs of New York. In a word, it is a signpost to America's greatest amusement center!

Just a line on your stationery, saying "I am coming to New York; please send me the PLAY GUIDE," will bring you a copy by return mail.

New editions of the PLAY GUIDE are issued from time to time. You may have a copy for the asking, and we trust you will ASK FOR IT, as often as the need may arise.

THE PLAY GUIDE
THEATRE MAGAZINE
2 West 45th St., New York City

"Best By Attest"

ORIGINAL ROMEIKE CLIPPING BUREAU

ESTABLISHED 1881

220 W. NINETEENTH ST., N. Y.
PHONE CHELSEA 8860

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.